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FROM

Morris H. Morgan

Pin. D-B F

l. —— —— —— London, 1827.

d's Baviad and Maeviad: Pasquin v.
: Epistle to Peter Pindar: To which
ed the Author's memoir of his own
Byron's English Bards and Scotch
rs. London: printed and published
Dove, St John's Square. 1827. 12°.
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against one of the booksellers of no. 517*b*.
rt is taken (see p. 8) from the edition of 1800
:r no. 517*b*).

BAVIAD AND MŒVIAD.
BYRON'S
ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

GIFFORD'S

BAVIAD AND MÆVIAD:

PASQUIN v. FAULDER:

EPISTLE TO PETER PINDAR:

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE AUTHOR'S MEMOIR OF HIS OWN LIFE.

BYRON'S

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. F. DOVE,

ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

1827.

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GIFFORD'S

MEMOIR OF HIS OWN LIFE.

GIFFORD'S

MEMOIR OF HIS OWN LIFE.

I AM about to enter on a very uninteresting subject: but all my friends tell me that it is necessary to account for the long delay of the following Work;* and I can only do it by adverting to the circumstances of my life. Will this be accepted as an apology?

I know but little of my family, and that little is not very precise: My great-grandfather (the most remote of it, that I ever recollect to have heard mentioned) possessed considerable property at Halsbury, a parish in the neighbourhood of Ashburton; but whether acquired or inherited, I never thought of asking and do not know.

He was probably a native of Devonshire, for there he spent the last years of his life; spent them too, in some sort of consideration, for Mr. T. (a very respectable surgeon of Ashburton) loved to repeat to me, when I first grew into notice, that he had frequently hunted with his hounds.†

* His "Translation of Juvenal;"—to which this Memoir was originally prefixed.

† *The matter is of* no consequence—no, not even to myself. *From my* family I derived nothing but a name, which

think that his undutiful conduct c
great-grandfather to bequeath a
part of his property from him.

My father, I fear, revenged in s
the cause of my great-grandfather.
I have heard my mother say, "a ve
man, who could be kept to nothin
sent to the grammar-school at
which he made his escape, and ent
a man of war. He was reclaimed fi
tion by my grandfather, and left hi
cond time, to wander in some vagal
He was now probably given up; f
his return from this notable adver
to article himself to a plumber and
whom he luckily staid long enough
business. I suppose his father w
for he became possessed of two
married my mother† (the daugh

some credit, at South Molton. Why he chose to fix there, I never inquired; but I learned from my mother, that after a residence of four or five years, he thoughtlessly engaged in a dangerous frolic, which drove him once more to sea: this was an attempt to excite a riot in a methodist chapel; for which his companions were prosecuted, and he fled.

My father was a good seaman, and was soon made second in command in the Lyon, a large armed transport in the service of government: while my mother (then with child of me) returned to her native place, Ashburton, where I was born, in April, 1756.

The resources of my mother were very scanty. They arose from the rent of three or four small fields, which yet remained unsold. With these, however, she did what she could for me; and as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of her sight, sent me to a schoolmistress of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this school; they consisted merely of the contents of the "Child's Spelling Book:" but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town, which, about half a century ago, amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerant ballad-singers, or rather, readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of Catakin, and the Golden Bull, and the Bloody Gardener, and many other histories equally instructive and amusing.

My father returned from sea in 1764. He had been at the siege of the Havannah; and though

property,
a trifle more was got by agreeing
future pretensions to an estate at T
with this my father set up a second
zier and house painter. I was now
years old, and was put to the free
by Hugh Smerdon), to learn to rea
and cipher. Here I continued abou
making a most wretched progress, wh
fell sick and died. He had not acq
from his misfortunes, but continue
time in unprofitable pursuits, to th
ment of his business. He loved
sake of society, and to this he
dying of a decayed and ruined cons
he was forty. The town's-people
shrewd and sensible man, and regr
As for me, I never greatly loved
grown up with him; and he wa
repulse my little advances to f
[illegible]. He had

a subject of much sorrow to me, that my mother was doubtful of her ability to continue me at school, though I had by this time acquired a love for reading.

I never knew in what circumstances my mother was left: most probably they were inadequate to her support, without some kind of exertion, especially as she was now burthened with a second child about six or eight months old. Unfortunately she determined to prosecute my father's business; for which purpose she engaged a couple of journeymen, who, finding her ignorant of every part of it, wasted her property, and embezzled her money. What the consequence of this double fraud would have been, there was no opportunity of knowing, as, in somewhat less than a twelvemonth, my poor mother followed my father to the grave. She was an excellent woman, bore my father's infirmities with patience and good humour, loved her children dearly, and died at last, exhausted with anxiety and grief more on their account than her own.

I was not quite thirteen when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing that was left, was seized by a person of the name of Carlile, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of his claims; and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection; and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my god-

master began to distinguish me: b
days were over in less than three
lile sickened at the expense; and
were now indifferent to my fate, h
for an opportunity of ridding hims
charge. He had previously attem
me in the drudgery of husbandry
plough for one day to gratify hin
with a firm resolution to do so no
despite of his threats and promis
my determination. In this, I was
by necessity than will. During m
in attempting to clamber up a tabl
backward, and drawn it after me:
upon my breast, and I never recove
of the blow; of which I was ma
sensible on any extraordinary exert
ing, therefore, was out of the quest
have already said, I utterly refused

As I could write and cipher (as t

of pity and contempt, that I was "too small," and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not however choose to take me back himself, but sent me in the passage-boat to Totness, from whence I was to walk home. On the passage, the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped almost by a miracle.

My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing boats; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen.

My master, whose name was Full, though a gross and ignorant, was not an ill-natured, man; at least, not to me: and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness; moved perhaps by my weakness and tender years. In return, I did what I could to requite her, and my good will was not overlooked.

Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself: when we had to go farther, to Portsmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage.

In this vessel (the Two Brothers) I continued nearly a twelvemonth; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the

it was not so much on account of
being precluded from all possibili
as my master did not possess, nor
seeing during the whole time of n
him, a single book of any descript
Coasting Pilot.

As my lot seemed to be cast, h
not negligent in seeking such infor
mised to be useful; and I therefo
at my leisure hours, such vessels
Torbay. On attempting to get on
these, which I did at midnight, I m
ing, and fell into the sea. The flo
the boat alarmed the man on deck,
the ship's side just in time to see r
immediately threw out several ropes
providentially (for I was unconsci
tangled itself about me, and I was
the surface, till a boat could be got

On Christmas day (1770) I was surprised by
nessage from my godfather, saying that he had
.t a man and horse to bring me to Ashburton;
l desiring me to set out without delay. My
ster, as well as myself, supposed it was to
nd the holidays there; and he therefore made
objection to my going. We were, however,
h mistaken.

Since I had lived at Brixham, I had broken
all connexion with Ashburton. I had no re-
on there but my poor brother,* who was yet
young for any kind of correspondence; and
conduct of my godfather towards me, did not
itle him to any portion of my gratitude, or
d remembrance. I lived therefore in a sort
sullen independence on all I had formerly
wn, and thought without regret of being
ndoned by every one to my fate. But I had
been overlooked. The women of Brixham,
o travelled to Ashburton twice a week with
, and who had known my parents, did not
me without kind concern, running about the

Of my brother, here introduced for the last time, I must say a few words. He was literally,

The child of misery baptized in tears;

the short passage of his life did not belie the melan-
y presage of his infancy. When he was seven years
the parish bound him out to a husbandman of the name
eman, with whom he endured incredible hardships,
h I had it not in my power to alleviate. At nine years
ge he broke his thigh, and I took that opportunity to
n him to read and write. When my own situation was
oved, I persuaded him to try the sea; he did so; and
taken on board the Egmont, on condition that his master
ld receive his wages. The time was now fast approach-
when I could serve him, but he was doomed to know
vourable change of fortune: he fell sick, and died at

length the pity of the
step, their resentment against the man
reduced me to such a state of wretched
a large town, this would have had littl
but in a place like Ashburton, where eve
speedily becomes the common property
inhabitants, it raised a murmur which
father found himself either unable or
to encounter: he therefore determined
me; which he could easily do, as I wa
months of fourteen, and was not yet b

All this, I learned on my arrival
heart, which had been cruelly shu
opened to kinder sentiments, and fai

After the holidays I returned to
pursuit, arithmetic: my progress w
rapid, that in a few months I was a
the school, and qualified to assis
(Mr. E. Furlong) on any extraor

As he usually gave me a f

years; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year, when I built these castles: a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

On mentioning my little plan to Carlile, he treated it with the utmost contempt; and told me, in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty; (so, indeed, he had;) he added, that he had been negociating with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee, as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonstrate; but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound,* till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

The family consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master himself was the strangest creature!—He was a Presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter Controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputatious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became, in consequence of it, intolerably arrogant and conceited.

* *My indenture*, which now lies before me, is dated the *1st of January*, 1772.

nents were commonly ignorant of hi
his victory was complete.

With such a man I was not likely t
to my stock of knowledge, small as i
indeed, nothing could well be smalle
period, I had read nothing but a
romance called Parismus and Paris
a few loose magazines which my
brought from South Molton. With
indeed, I was well acquainted; it
vourite study of my grandmother, an
frequently with her, had impressed
on my mind; these then, with the I
Thomas à Kempis, which I used to
mother on her death-bed, constituted
of my literary acquisitions.

As I hated my new profession wit
hatred, I made no progress in it; an
sequently little regarded in the famil

when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired.

I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatise on Algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's Introduction: this was precisely what I wanted; but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science.

This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford), were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach, as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl: for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could *multiply and divide* by it, to a great extent.

— [illegible], that I should blush to ca
of the idlest reader to it, but for
leged in the introductory paragra
whose name escapes me, had unde
a sign for an ale-house: it was t
lion, but the unfortunate artist p
On this awkward affair, one of m
wrote a copy of what we called
it; but fancied that I could comp
more to the purpose: I made th
and by the unanimous suffrage of
was allowed to have succeeded.
ing this encouragement, I thoug
verse, till another occurrence, as
former, furnished me with a fresh
thus I went on, till I had got to
dozen of them. Certainly, nothin
ever so deplorable: such as they
they were talked of in my little cir
sometimes invited to repeat them

attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial: little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine: I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c. and what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine: it was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it, when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.

But the clouds were gathering fast. My master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch by my indifference to his concerns, and still more by the reports which were daily brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers, and when I refused, my garret was searched, my little hoard of books discovered and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner.

This was a very severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly; it was followed by another severer still; a stroke which crushed the hopes I had so long and so fondly cherished, and resigned me at once to despair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on whose succession I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation.

I look back on that part of my life which immediately followed this event, with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom, and savage

friended and unpitied; indignai
careless of the future, an object :
hension and dislike.

From this state of abjectness I
young woman of my own class. S
bour; and whenever I took mj
with my Wolfius in my pocket, a
to the door, and by a smile, or a
put in the friendliest manner,
solicit my attention. My heart
shut to kindness, but the sentime
in me: it revived at the first enc
and the gratitude I felt for it, wa
ing sensation which I had ventur
for many dreary months.

Together with gratitude, hope,
sions still more enlivening, took p
comfortable gloominess which so l
me: I returned to my companions

when I determined to renounce the employment for ever, and to open a private school.

In this humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day dreams which, perhaps, would never have been realized, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr. William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and given him a curiosity to inquire after the author.

It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not untinctured with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him: his first care was to console; his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me.

Mr. Cookesley was not rich: his eminence in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, procured him, indeed, much employment; but in a country town, men of science are not the most liberally rewarded: he had besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence: that little, however, was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to supply the deficiencies of his fortune.

On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them absolutely nothing: he heard, however, with equal surprise and pleasure, that amidst the grossest ignorance of books, *I had made* a very considerable progress in the

The plan that occurred to him
that which had so often suggeste
There were indeed several obsta
come; I had eighteen months ye
handwriting was bad, and my la
correct; but nothing could slack
this excellent man; he procure
poor attempts at rhyme, dispers
his friends and acquaintance, and
was become somewhat familiar
foot a subscription for my relief.
the original paper; its title was
ficent, though it exceeded the
wishes of my heart: it ran thus, "
for purchasing the remainder of t
liam Gifford, and for enabling
himself in Writing and English G
contributed more than five shill
went beyond ten-and-sixpence:

terim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor, too, spoke favourably of me; and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now, that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.

In two years and two months from the day of my emancipation, I was pronounced by Mr. Smerdon, fit for the University. The plan of opening a writing-school had been abandoned almost from the first; and Mr. Cookesley looked round for some one who had interest enough to procure me some little office at Oxford. This person, who was soon found, was Thomas Taylor, Esq. of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I had already been indebted for much liberal and friendly support. He procured me the place of Bib. Lect. at Exeter College; and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable me to live, at least, till I had taken a degree.

During my attendance on Mr. Smerdon I had written, as I observed before, several tuneful trifles, some as exercises, others voluntarily (for poetry was now become my delight), and not a

render some portion into Engl
others, JUVENAL engaged my
my master's, and I translated
a holiday task. Mr. Smerdon
with this (I was not undelight
and as I was now become fond
easily persuaded me to procee
I translated in succession, the
the twefth, and, I think, the ei
I had no end in view but that c
rary satisfaction to my benef
little more of these, than of n
of the same nature, which I w
time, and of which I never copi

On my removing to Exeter C
my friend, ever attentive to my c
me to copy my translation of t

* As I have republished one of our
allowable to mention that my predile
began at an early period. Before I left

and present it, on my arrival, to the Rev. Dr. Stinton (afterward Rector), to whom Mr. Taylor had given me an introductory letter: I did so, and it was kindly received. Thus encouraged, I took up the first and second Satires (I mention them in the order they were translated), when my friend, who had sedulously watched my progress, first started the idea of going through the whole, and publishing it by subscription, as a scheme for increasing my means of subsistence. To this I readily acceded, and finished the thirteenth, eleventh, and fifteenth Satires: the remainder were the work of a much later period.

When I had got thus far, we thought it a fit time to mention our design; it was very generally approved of by my friends; and on the first of January, 1781, the subscription was opened by Mr. Cookesley at Ashburton, and by myself at Exeter College.

So bold an undertaking so precipitately announced, will give the reader, I fear, a higher opinion of my conceit than of my talents; neither the one nor the other, however, had the smallest concern with the business, which originated solely in ignorance: I wrote verses with great facility, and I was simple enough to imagine that little more was necessary for a translator of Juvenal! I was not, indeed, unconscious of my inaccuracies: I knew that they were numerous, and that I had need of some friendly eye to point them out, and some judicious hand to rectify or remove them: but for these, as well as for every thing else, I looked to Mr. Cookesley, and that worthy man, with his usual alacrity of kindness, under-

from them, there was [illegible]
of ascertaining, as it pleased
call him to himself by a sudden
had quite finished the first Satir
a letter of mine, unopened, in h

This event, which took place
January, 1781, afflicted me b
I was not only deprived of a
affectionate friend, but of a
active protector, on whom I
for support: the sums that we
for me, he always collected;
feared that the assistance whic
with warmth, would insensib
forded.

In many instances this was
the desertion, however, was
was encouraged to hope, b
friendship of Servington S
who voluntarily stood forth

with the terms of subscription, a specimen
ıe manner in which the translation was
ıted.* To obviate any idea of selection, a
t was accordingly taken from the beginning
e first Satire. My friend died while it was
e press.

'ter a few melancholy weeks, I resumed the
lation; but found myself utterly incapable
:oceeding. I had been so accustomed to
ect the name of Mr. Cookesley with every
of it, and I laboured with such delight in
ıope of giving him pleasure, that now, when
ppeared to have left me in the midst of my
'prise, and I was abandoned to my own
ts, I seemed to be engaged in a hopeless
gle, without motive or end: and his idea,
h was perpetually recurring to me, brought
bitter anguish with it, that I shut up the
. with feelings bordering on distraction.

) relieve my mind, I had recourse to other
ıits. I endeavoured to become more inti-
ıly acquainted with the classics, and to
ire some of the modern languages: by per-
ion too, or rather recommendation, of the
or and Fellows, I also undertook the care of
v pupils: this removed much of my anxiety
ecting my future means of support. I have
ıartfelt pleasure in mentioning this indul-

any of these papers were distributed; the terms, which
act from one of them, were these: "The work shall
nted in quarto (without notes), and be delivered to
abscribers in the month of December next.
he price will be sixteen shillings in boards, half to be
at the time of subscribing, the remainder on delivery
book."

them from any pu...

The lapse of many months had n
and tranquillized my mind, and I on
turned to the translation, to which
serve a young man surrounded with
had induced a number of respectable
to set their names; but alas, what a
tion! I now discovered, for the first
my own inexperience, and the advice
too partial friend, had engaged me
for the due execution of which my
tainments were by no means sufficie
and misconceptions appeared in eve
had, perhaps, caught something of
Juvenal, but his meaning had freque
me, and I saw the necessity of a lo
ful revision, which would carry m
the period fixed for the appearanc
lume. Alarmed at the prospect
...lved (if not wisely, yet I trust

For myself, I also made several repayments; and trusted a sum of money to make others, with a fellow collegian, who, not long after, fell by his own hands in the presence of his father. But there were still some whose abode could not be discovered, and others, on whom to press the taking back of eight shillings would neither be decent nor respectful: even from these I ventured to flatter myself that I should find pardon, when on some future day I should present them with the Work (which I was still secretly determined to complete), rendered more worthy of their patronage, and increased by notes, which I now perceived to be absolutely necessary, to more than double its proposed size.

In the leisure of a country residence, I imagined that this might be done in two years: perhaps I was not too sanguine: the experiment, however, was not made, for about this time a circumstance happened, which changed my views, and indeed my whole system of life.

I had contracted an acquaintance with a person of the name of ———, recommended to my particular notice by a gentleman of Devonshire, whom I was proud of an opportunity to oblige. This person's residence at Oxford was not long, and when he returned to town I maintained a correspondence with him by letters. At his particular request, these were enclosed in covers, and sent to Lord Grosvenor: one day I inadvertently omitted the direction, and his lordship, necessarily supposing the letter to be meant for himself, opened and read it. There was something *in it which* attracted his notice; and when

my introduction to that nobleman

On my first visit, he asked me had, and what were my prospect told him that I had no friends, a of any kind. He said no mor called to take leave, previous college, I found that this simple circumstances had sunk deep int parting, he informed me that he with my present support, and ment; and that till this last cou my wish, I should come and r These were not words, of cou more than fulfilled in every poin reside with him; and I experie cordial reception, a kind and aff that has known neither diminut tion from that hour to this, a years!*

In his lordship's house I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called upon to accompany his son (one of the most amiable and accomplished young noblemen that this country, fertile in such characters, could ever boast) to the continent. With him, in two successive tours, I spent many years; years of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection that a friendship was then contracted, which time and a more intimate knowledge of each other, have mellowed into a regard that forms at once the pride and happiness of my life.

It is long since I have been returned and settled in the bosom of competence and peace; my translation frequently engaged my thoughts, but I had lost the ardour and the confidence of youth, and was seriously doubtful of my abilities to do it justice. I have wished a thousand times that I could decline it altogether; but the ever-recurring idea that there were people of the description already mentioned, who had just and forcible claims on me for the due performance of my engagement, forbad the thought; and I slowly proceeded towards the completion of a work in which I should never have engaged, had my friend's inexperience, or my own, suffered us to suspect for a moment the labour, and the talents of more than one kind, absolutely necessary to its success in any tolerable degree. Such as I could make it, it is now before the public.

——— majora canamus.

—lation of the Satires
notes to these excellent tra
played great learning and u
but perhaps the best speci
the "Baviad and Mæviad
fashionable poetry and chara
satirized with unsparing seve

Mr. Gifford edited the p
and the works of Ben Jonso
he has rescued from the ca
commentators, who have char
rality towards Shakspeare, an
ties. He afterward published
works, and at the period of h
of the works of Shirley was
He also was editor of the "Q
from its commencement until
year 1825.

Besides the emoluments w
derived from the productions

THE

BAVIAD.

INTRODUCTION.

Tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipli
Consensu magno officiunt:—dignum erit ergo
Declamatoris Mutinensis corde Vagelli,
Cum duo crura habeas, offendere tot calligatos!

N 1785, a few English of both sexes,* whom hance had jumbled together at Florence, took a ancy to while away their time in scribbling high-lown panegyrics on themselves, and complimen-ary "canzonnettas" on two or three Italians,†

* Among whom I find the names of Mrs. Piozzi, Mr. reathead, Mr. Merry, Mr. Parsons, &c.

† Mrs. Piozzi has since published a work on what she is leased to call BRITISH SYNONIMES: the better, I sup-ose, to enable these foreign gentlemen to comprehend her ultifarious erudition.

Though "no one better knows his own house" than I the anity of this woman; yet the idea of her undertaking uch a work had never entered my head; and I was thun-erstruck when I first saw it announced. To execute it ith any tolerable degree of success, required a rare com-ination of talents, among the least of which may be num-ered neatness of style, acuteness of perception, and a more han common accuracy of discrimination; and Mrs. Piozzi rought to the task, a jargon long since become proverbial r its vulgarity, an utter incapability of defining a single rm in the language, and just as much Latin from a child's yntax, as sufficed to expose the ignorance which she so nxiously labours to conceal. "If such a one be fit to write n SYNONIMES, speak." Pignotti himself, laughs in his leeve; and his countrymen, long since undeceived, prise he lady's talents at their true worth,

Et centum Tales* curto centusse licentur.†

* Quære Thrales?—*Printer's Devil.*

† Thus translated by Mr. Bulmer's devil; (the young gentle-an who furnished the conjectural emendation above, which is ighly spoken of by the German critics:)

And, *for a clipt* half-crown, expose to sale,
A hundred Synomists like Madam Thrale.

Thus persuaded, they were unv
inimitable productions should be
little circle which produced them
transmitted them hither; and,
were strictly enjoined not to sl
were first handed about the town
siduity, and then sent to the pre

A short time before the peri
speak, a knot of fantastic coxco
one Este, had set up a daily p
WORLD.* It was perfectly uni
therefore much read: it was e
praise and abuse (praise of what
own columns, and abuse of ever
peared elsewhere), and as its con
once ignorant and conceited, they
selves to direct the taste of the
ing a short panegyric to every tr
before them.

It is scarcely necessary to obser
and Laura Marias, and Tony Pas
claimed a prescriptive right to i

and forgotten. A paper, therefore, which introduced their trash with hyperbolical encomiums, and called upon the town to admire it, was an acquisition of the utmost importance to these poor people, and naturally became the grand depository of their lucubrations.

At this auspicious period the first cargo of poetry arrived from Florence, and was given to the public through the medium of this favoured paper. There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics which dazzled the native grubs who had never ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove, with an ostentatious display of "blue hills," and "crashing torrents," and "petrifying suns!"* From admiration to imitation is but a step. Honest Yenda tried his hand at a descriptive ode, and succeeded beyond his hopes; Anna Matilda followed; in a word,

> ——— contagio labem
> Hanc dedit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris
> Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci.

While the epidemic malady was raging from fool to fool, Della Crusca came over, and imme-

* Here Mr. Parsons is pleased to advance his farthing rush-light. "Crashing torrents and petrifying suns are extremely ridiculous"—*habes confitentem!* "but they are not to be found in the Florence Miscellany." Who said they were? But apropos of the Florence Miscellany. Mr. Parsons says that I obtained a copy of it by a breach of confidence; and seems to fancy, "good easy man!" that I derived some prodigious advantage from it: yet I had written both the poems and all the notes save one, before I knew that there was such a treasure in existence. He might have seen, if passion had not rendered him as blind as a mill-horse, that I constantly allude to poems published separately in the periodical sheets of the day, and afterward collected with great parade by Bell and others. I never looked into the Florence Miscellany but once; and the only use then made of it, was to extract a sounding passage from the odes of that deep-mouthed Theban, Bertie *Greathead, Esq.*

ning, et quicquid habent telorum
cœli.——The fever turned to a
Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adela
sand nameless names caught the
from one end of the kingdom†
was nonsense and Della Crusca

* The termination of this "everlasti
curious. When the genuine enthusias
ence (Preface to the Album) had conti
Della Crusca became impatient for a
and Anna, in evil hour, consented to be
was the consequence!

Tacta places, audita places, *si non*
Tota places, neutro *si videore* pla

Mr. Bell, however, tells the story ano
ing to him, "Chance alone procured the
ever procured it, all the lovers of "tru
Piozzi at their head, expected wonders
that burnt with such ardour, while the l
they hoped would blaze with unexampl
sight of the bewitching object. Such
But what, as Dr. Johnson gravely ask
man! or indeed of woman!—for this fa
end to the whole. With the exception

Even THEN, I waited with a patience which I can better account for, than excuse, for some one (abler than myself) to step forth to correct the growing depravity of the public taste, and check the inundation of absurdity now bursting upon us from a thousand springs. As no one appeared, and as the evil grew every day more alarming (for bed-ridden old women, and girls at their samplers, began to rave), I determined, without much confidence of success, to try what could be effected by my feeble powers; and accordingly wrote the following Poem.

1800.

WHOEVER has read the first Editions of the BAVIAD must have perceived, that its satire was directed against the wretched taste of the followers of the *Cruscan* school, without the slightest reference to their other qualities, moral or political.

In this I should have persevered to the end, had I not been provoked to transgress the bounds prescribed to myself, by the diabolical conduct of one of my heroes, the notorious *Anthony Pasquin*.

This man, who earned a miserable subsistence by working on the fear or vanity of artists, actors, &c. hardened by impunity, flew at length at

---

——— "When midst ethereal fire
"Thou strik'st thy *Della Cruscan* lyre,
"Round to catch the *heavenly* song,
"Myriads of *wondering* seraphs throng!"

I almost shudder while I quote: but so it ever is,

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

And Merry had given an example of impious temerity, which this wretched woman was but too eager to imitate.

book, to which Anthony though
name.

It was now that I first found
nity for dragging this pest befor
setting him up to view in his tr
not slow in seizing it, and the in
quence was, that an action was
threatened, against every publish

If we did not know the horror
secure reptiles, who fatten on th
slander and obscenity, feel at b
day, we might be justly surpris
who lived by violating the law,
course to it for protection; that
ler, who spared no rank nor condi
out on the license of the times,
and redress from that communit
individual of which he had want
edly insulted.

The first, and, indeed, the only
on, was that of Mr. Faulder (a
coupled with that of a dealer in

undermining their own, and that the law will give no redress when it can be proved that no injury has been sustained.

Mr. Garrow was furnished with a number of extracts from Anthony's multifarious productions. I lamented at first, that the impatient indignation of the Jury at the plaintiff's baseness, coinciding with that of the upright Judge who presided, stopped him short, and prevented their being read. But I am now satisfied with the interruption. It is better that such a collection of slander, and obscenity, and treason, and impiety, should moulder in the obscurity to which its ineffable stupidity has condemned it, than that it should be brought forward to the reprobation and abhorrence of the public.

Mr. Erskine, who did every thing for his client which could be expected from his integrity and abilities, applied in the "next ensuing term" for a new trial.—I have forgotten the motives for this application, but it was resisted by Lord Kenyon; and chiefly on the ground of the marked indignation shewn by the Jury at the plantiff's infamous conduct and character, and that, even before Mr. Garrow had fully entered into them.

To finish Anthony's history.—His occupation was now gone. As a minister of malevolence he was no longer worth hiring; and as a dispenser of fame, no longer worth feeding. Thus abandoned, without meat and without money, he applied to a charitable Institution for a few guineas, with which he shipped himself off for America,

——— leonum
Arida nutrix.

But he was even here too late: that country had discovered, some time before Anthony reached it, that *receiving into* its bosom the refuse and offal

paper, called "*The Federalist*;"
his writings did not happen to
adopted countrymen; for aft
had appeared, he was taken
is now either chained to a w
Albany road, or rotting in the

I take some little credit to
driven this pernicious pest out
which he preyed: I say *som*
candid (though I would not
any talents in the contest), th
thony was finished ere well
slight as it was, however, it fu
ant lesson. Those general sla
bears of a timid public, are
are insolent, as weak as they a
them, and like the devil, to u
sion, "Resist them, and they

---

much the tautology of

THE

BAVIAD;

A PARAPHRASTIC IMITATION OF THE FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille SONETTAS;
Hic ELEGOS!

(*a*) *P.* WHEN I look round on man, and find how vain
His passions—
F. Save me from this canting strain!
Why, who will read it?
P. This, my friend, to me?
F. None, by my life.
P. What! none? Sure, two or three—
F. No, no; not one. 'Tis sad; but—
P. "Sad, but!"—Why?
Pity is insult here. I care not, I,
(*b*) Tho' Boswell,* of a song and supper vain,

PERS. SAT. I.

(*a*) O CURAS hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!
Quis eget hæc! Min' tu istud ais? Nemo, hercule. Nemo?
Vel duo, vel nemo: turpe et miserabile. Quare?
(*b*) Ne mihi Polydamas et Troiades Labeonem
Præcurrerint: nugæ.

---

* *Cui non dictus Hylas?* And who has not heard of James Boswell, Esq.? All the world knows (for all the world has it under his *own* hand) that he composed a BALLAD *in honour of Mr.* Pitt, with very little assistance from Dr.

...cumstances highly ne
thered from the following

" *To the* CONC

" SIR,

" THE wa
busy with my *State Ball*
and they are welcome.
vain of a hasty compositio
draughts of that popular a
me add, that there was cer
for I publicly declared in
'that this same Grocer h
'ungratefully; but that, fr
'ter, I was compelled to su
" The time WILL come, w
portunity to shew, that in
has wanted wisdom———

Atqui vultus erat multa

Poor Bozzy! But I too th
thy example, then, to convinc

———— our quick'st
The noiseless and inaudib
Steals ere we can effect

† " 'BELL'S WHOLE CHO
" Sir, I am proud of the insinu
" omi ...

In splay-foot madrigals their powers combine,
To praise Miles Andrews' verse,* and censure
mine— 10

" of genius only, illuminate the ORACLE—and ARNO and
" CÆSARIO, names dear to the MUSE OF GLORY, con-
" stitute a proud distinction between the *unfading leaves* of
"the PYTHIAN shrine, and the *perishable records* of the
" day. "JOHN BELL."

" P. S. 'BLOCKHEADS with reason'—you know the rest.
" I fear nothing—yet I love not everlasting feuds—At a
" word: Will one of my NEW COMMON PLACE BOOKS
" be acceptable? " J. B."

* This gentleman, who has long been known as an industrious paragraph-monger in the morning papers, took it into his head, some time since, to try his hand at a Prologue. Having none of the requisites for this business, he laboured to little purpose; till Dulness, whose attention to her children is truly maternal, suggested to him that unmeaning ribaldry and vulgarity might possibly be substituted for harmony, spirit, taste, and sense.—He caught at the hint, made the experiment, and succeeded to a miracle. Since that period every play-wright from O'Keefe to Della Crusca, " a heavy declension!" has been solicitous to preface his labours with a few lines of his manufacturing, to excite and perpetuate the good-humour of his audience. As the reader may probably not dislike a short specimen of Mr. Andrews' wonder-working poetry, I have subjoined the following extract from his last and best performance, his Prologue to Lorenzo.

" Feg, cries fat Madam Dump, from Wapping Wall,
" I don't love plays no longer not at all,
" They're now so vulgar, and begin so soon,
" None but low people dines till afternoon;
" Then they mean summot, and the like o' that,
" And its impossible to sit and chat.
" Give me the uppero, where folks come so grand in,
" And nobody need have no understanding.

" Ambizione! del tiranno!
" Piu forte, piu piano, a che fin—
" Zounds! here's my warrant, and I will come in.
" Diavolo; who comes here to so confound us!
" The constables, to take you to the round-house.
" De round-house!—Mi!
" Now comes the dance, the demi charactere,
" Chacone, the pas de deux, the here, the there;
" *And last*, the chief high bounding on the loose toe,
" *Or pois'd like* any Mercury, O che gusto!"

For all are——

F. What? Speak freel

P. (*d*) O might I! durst I! :

it go:

Yet, when I view the follies tha

The full-grown children of this p

(*c*) ——Non, si quid turbida Ro

Elevet, accedas: examenve improbum

Castiges trutina: nec te quæsiveris ex

Nam Romæ est quis non? (*d*) ah, si f

And this was heard with applause! :

with delight! O Shame! where is thy l

——r

Paucl ridiculum effugientem ex urb

---

* It is rightly observed by Solomon, that

in a mortar without making him wiser. U

account for the stationary stupidity of Mr.

"God help the while!" do not seem a w

dreadful pounding which he has received.

wash my hands—but I would fain ask Mess

nolds, ("the worthy followers of O'Keefe,

porters of the British Stage") whether it be

See snivelling Jerningham, at fifty, weep
O'er love-lorn oxen and deserted sheep;
See Cowley* frisk it to one ding-dong chime,
And weekly cuckold her poor spouse in rhyme;
See Thrale's grey widow with a satchel roam, 25
And bring, in pomp, her labour'd nothings home;
See Robinson forget her state, and move
On crutches tow'rds the grave, to "Light
o'Love;"†
See Parsons,‡ while all sound advice he scorns,
Mistake two soft excrescences for horns; 30

Tunc, cum ad canitiem, et nostrum istud vivere triste
Aspexi, et nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis,
Cum sapimus patruos: tunc, tunc. Ignoscite. Nolo.

---

* For the *poetic* amours of this lady, see the British Album, particularly the poem called the INTERVIEW.

† Light o' Love, that's a tune that goes *without a burden*. SHAKSPEARE.

‡ In the first editions of this and the following poem, I had overlooked Mr. Parsons, though an undoubted Bavian. This nettled him. "Ha!" quoth he, "Better be damn'd than mention'd not at all." He accordingly applied to me,§ (in a circuitous manner, I confess,) and as a particular favour was finally admitted, in the shape of a motto, into the title-page of the Mæviad. These were the lines:

> May he who hates not Cruscа's *sober* verse,
> Love Merry's *drunken* prose, so smooth and terse;
> The same may rake for sense in Parsons' skull,
> And shear his hogs, poor fool! and milk his bull.

The first distich contains what Mr. Burke calls "high matter!" and can only be understood by the initiated; the second, (would it had never been written!) instead of gratifying the ambition of Mr. Parsons, as I fondly expected,

---

§ Parsons I know, and this I heard him say,
Whilst Gifford's harmless page before him lay,
I too can *laugh*, I was the *first beginner*.
Parsons of Himself, Teleg. March 10.

Quam *multi faciunt* quod Eros, sed lumine sicco;
Pars major lachrymas ridet, et intus habet!

Continuo implevit falsis mugitibu
Et sæpe in lævi *quæsivit cornua*

The Motto appeared on a Wednesday
day after, the morosoph Este (who appe
in the reality of the metamorphosis) pub
lowings of Mr. Parsons, with the follow

"ON MR. GIFFORD'S MO

"The following SPIRITED CHASTISEM
"ignorance and malignity in question, w
"day night—but by an accidental error in
"or in the servant delivering the copy at
"unfortunately mislaid!"—

Why, this is as it should be;—"the G
"Cato!" Who sees not that they interfe
veying the copy out of the compositor's w
Author of the Mæviad two comfortable ni
"spirited chastisement."—

"Nor wool the pig, nor milk the bull pr

The profundity of the last observation, by
Mr. Parsons to be an accurate observer of
the three Irishmen who went nine miles to s
came back a-dry, had fortunately had the ho
quaintance, we should probably have heard n
far-famed expedition—

F. Forbear, forbear:
And what the great delight in, learn to spare. 35
(*e*) *P.* It must not, cannot be; for I was born,
To brand obtrusive ignorance with scorn;
On bloated pedantry to pour my rage,
And hiss preposterous fustian from the stage.
LO, DELLA CRUSCA!* In his closet pent,
He toils to give the crude conception vent. 40

(*e*) Quid faciam? sed sum petulanti splene cachinno.
Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,
Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet:

(and a gentleman who is said to belong to more clubs than Sir Watkin Lewes, must needs have friends), I cannot, I say, but lament that on the first appearance of these knobs, these "excrescences," as I call them, his friends did not have him cut for the simples!

* LO, DELLA CRUSCA!

"O thou, to whom superior worth's allied,
"Thy country's honour, and the Muses' pride—"

So says Laura Maria—

et solem quis dicere falsum
Audeat!

Indeed she says a great deal more; but as I do not understand it, I forbear to lengthen my quotation.

Innumerable Odes, Sonnets, &c. published from time to time in the daily papers, have justly procured this gentleman the reputation of the first poet of the age: but the performance which called forth the high-sounding panegyric above-mentioned, is a philosophical rhapsody in praise of the French Revolution, called the "Wreath of "Liberty."

Of this poem no reader (provided he can read) is at this time ignorant: but as there are various opinions concerning it, and as I do not choose perhaps to dispute with a lady of Mrs. Robinson's critical abilities, I shall select a few passages from it, and leave the world to judge how truly its author is said to be

———" gifted with the sacred lyre,
"Whose sounds can more than mortal thoughts inspire."

This supernatural effort of genius, then, is chiefly distin-

— [illegible] as the instan

" Hang o'er his eye t
" Wreath round her a
" Recumbent eye roc
" A web-work of desp
" And o'er my lids th

" TUMOUR, a morbid swe
lent thing to roll over an ey
the present case, to be " sca

—" summer-tints b
" And silky ocean slept
" While air's nocturnal
" Glances with grisly g
" And gauzy zephyrs, f
" On twilight's bosom d

Unus instar omnium! Thi
should be loth to be found co
mere folly seems unequal to t
site nonsense.

—" the explosion
" And burst the o'ercharg

—" days of old
" Their perish'd, proudest

—" nothing I desc
" But the bare boast of ba

— " The huntress
" Showers her shafts of silv

To these add, " moody mons
" pampered [illegible]

(*f*) 'Tis done. Her house the generous Piozzi leads, 45
And thither summons her blue-stocking friends;
The summons her blue-stocking friends obey,
Lured by the love of poetry—and Tea. [drest,
The BARD steps forth, in birth-day splendour
His right hand graceful waving o'er his breast;
His left extending, so that all may see, 51
A roll inscribed "THE WREATH OF LIBERTY."
So forth he steps, and with complacent air,
Bows round the circle, and assumes the chair;
With lemonade he gargles next his throat, 55
Then sweetly preludes to the liquid note:
(*g*) And now 'tis silence all. "GENIUS OR MUSE"*—
Thus while the flowery subject he pursues,

(*f*) Scilicet hæc populo, perusque togaque recenti,
Et natalitia tandem cum sardonyche albus,
Sede leges celsa, liquido cum plasmate guttur
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus ocello.
(*g*) Hic neque more probo videas, neque voce serena,
Ingentes trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum
Intrant, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.

"O better were it ever to be lost
"In black negation's sea, than reach the coast."

"Should the zeal of parliament be empty words."

——"doom for a breath
"A hundred reasoning hecatombs to death."

A hecatomb is a sacrifice of a hundred head of oxen. Where did this gentleman hear of their *reasoning?*

"Awhile I'll ruminate on time and fate;
"And the most probable event of things"——

EUGE, MAGNE POETA! Well may Laura Maria say,

"That *Genius* glows in every classic line,
"And *Nature* dictates—every thing that's thine."

* "*Genius or Muse*, whoe'er thou art, whose thrill
"*Exalts the fancy*, and inflames the will,

At this late hour, such prurient
Is thy poor pride contented to r
Such transitory fame as fools ca
Fools, who unconscious of the cr
Rain in such show'rs their indis
That THOU, even THOU, who liv
And, with eternal puffs, insult'st
Art forced at length to check th
And cry, "For heav'n's sweet s
"more!"
"But why (thou say'st) why an
"With all the priest and all the s
"If the huge mass within my b
"Must struggle there, despairin

(h) Tun' vetule, auriculis alienis collig
Auriculis, quibus et dicas cute perditu
Quo dedicisse, nisi hoc fermentum, et
Innata est, rupto jecore exierit caprific

(*i*) THOU learn'd! Alas, for learning! She is sped.
And hast thou dimm'd thy eyes, and rack'd thy head,
And broke thy rest for THIS, for THIS alone?
And is thy knowledge nothing if not known? 80
O lost to sense!—(*k*) But still, thou criest, 'tis sweet,
To hear "That's HE!" from every one we meet;
That's HE whom critic Bell declares divine,
For whom the fair diurnal laurels twine;
Whom Magazines, Reviews, conspire to praise,
And Greathead calls, the Homer of our days. 86

F. And is it nothing, then, to hear our name,
Thus blazon'd by the GENERAL VOICE of fame?

P. Nay, it were every thing, did THAT dispense
The sober verdict found by taste and sense: 90
But mark OUR jury. O'er the flowing bowl,
When wine has drown'd all energy of soul,

(*i*) En pallor, seniumque. O mores! usque adeone
Scire tuum, nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter?
(*k*) At pulchrum est digito monstrari, et dicier, Hic est:
Ten' cirratorum centum dictata fuisse
Pro nihilo pendas? Ecce inter pocula quærunt
Romulidæ saturi, quid dia poemata narrent.
Hic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina læna est,
Rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus,
Phyllidas, Hypsipylas, vatum et plorabile si quid,
Eliquat, et tenero supplantat verba palato.
Assensere viri. Nunc non cinis ille poetæ
Felix? non levior cippus nunc imprimit ossa?
Laudant convivæ: nunc non e manibus illis,
Nunc non e tumulo, fortunataque favilla,
Nascentur violæ? Rides, ait, et nimis uncis
Naribus indulges: an erit, qui velle recusset
Os populi meruisse; et cedro digna locutus,
Linquere nec scombros metuentia carmina, nec thus!

Recounts [illegible]
Who born for anguish, and [illegible]
Did yet so awkwardly his means e
That gaping fiends mistook his grie
Lost in amaze at language so div
The audience hiccup, and exclai
fine!"
And are not now the author's ashe
Lies not the turf now lightly on his
Do not sweet violets now around hi
Laurels now burst spontaneous fro
F. This is mere mockery: and
Reason is ill refuted by a sneer.
Is praise an evil? Is there to be
One, so indifferent to its soothin
As not to wish hereafter to be k
And make a long futurity his o
Rather than—
P.—With 'Squire Jerning
To pastry cooks and moths, "

(*l*) O thou, who deign'st this homely scene to share, 115
Thou know'st, when chance (tho' this indeed be rare*)
With random gleams of wit has graced my lays,
Thou know'st too well how I have relish'd praise.
Not mine the soul which pants not after fame:—
Ambitious of a poet's envied name, 120
I haunt the sacred fount, athirst to prove,
The grateful influence of the stream I love.

(*l*) Quisquis es, O, modo quem ex adverso dicere feci,
Non ego, cum scribo, si forte quid aptius exit,
Quando hæc rara avis est, si quid tamen aptius exit,
Laudari metuam; neque enim mihi cornes fibra est:
Sed recti, finemque, extremumque, esse recuso
Euge tuum, et belle; nam belle hoc executo totum.
Quid non intus habet? Non hic est Ilias Acci
Ebria veratro? non si qua elegidia crudi
Dictarunt proceres? non quidquid denique lectis
Scribitur in citreis?

---

* Thou know'st, when chance, &c.—To see how a Cruscan can blunder! Mr. Parsons thus politely comments on this unfortunate hemistich:

> "Thou lowest of the imitating race,
> "Thou imp of satire, and thou foul disgrace;
> "Who callest *each* coarse phrase a lucky hit," &c.

Alas! no: But this is of a piece with his qui-pro-quo on the preface to the Mæviad—where, on my saying that I had laid the poem aside for two years, he exultingly exclaims, "Soh! it was two years in hand then!"

Mr. Parsons is highly celebrated, I am told, for his skill in driving a bargain: it is to be presumed that he does it with his spectacles on.—But, indeed, he began with a blunder:—if he had read my motto carefully, he must have seen that I never taxed him with keeping a bull for his own milking: no; it was the infatuated man who looked for sense in Mr. Parsons' skull, that was charged with this solecism in œconomicks. And yet the bare belief of it produced the metamorphosis which I have already noticed, and which *his friends* have not yet ceased to deplore.

stand,

And tear the strings indign

Nor think that, while my v

Too much th' applause of fa

For mark to what 'tis given,

Mean tho' I am, if it be wo

—Is it not giv'n to Este's un

To Topham's fustian, Reyno

To Morton's catch-word,* Gr

And Holcroft's Shug-lane ca

Moorfields whine,‡

* Morton's catch-word.—WONDER

of the Bathos? I thought that O'K

bottom of it; but, as uncle Bowlin

d—n'd lie: for Holcroft, Reynolds

sunk beneath him. They have happil

In the *lowest* deep a *lowe*

and persevere in exploring it with a

does them honour.

† And Holcroft's Shug-lane cant. T

wretch, to whom infidelit

Speak freely ;—tell me all :—come, be sincere
For truth, you know, is music to my ear. 1·

(m) Calidum scis ponere sumen,
Scis comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna :
Et verum, inquis, amo ; verum mihi dicite de me.
Qui pote ? vis dicam ? nugaris——

---

their respective authors from being hooted off the sta
No, they will not believe that an English audience co
be so besotted, so brutified, as to receive such sensel
exclamations with bursts of laughter, with peals of
plause. I cannot believe it myself, though I have w
nessed it. Haud credo—if I may reverse the good fathe
position—Haud credo, quia possibile est.

‡ Merry's Moorfields whine.—In a most wretched rh
sody of incomprehensible nonsense, addressed by this g
tleman to Mrs. Robinson, which she, in her *valuable* poe

(n) Blest be "
inclined,
No waggish stork c
He no wry mouth, n
Nor the brisk twink
But you, ye St. Johns
Alas! what mockerie
(o) Hear now our
they cry—
Merit like yours, the c
But this, indeed, the
rhymes,
"At once the boast an
"In every page, song, s
"Shew boundless geniu
"If comedy be yours,
"Blends such sweet p
pain,
"That e'en the guilty at
"And bless the lancet

" If tragedy, th' impassion'd numbers flow 166
" In all the sad variety of woe,
" With such a liquid lapse, that they betray
" The breast unwares, and steal the soul away."
(*p*) Thus fool'd, the moon-struck tribe, whose best essays, 170
Sunk in acrostics, riddles, roundelays,
To loftier labours now pretend a call,
And bustle in heroics, one and all.
*Ev'n Bertie burns of gods and chiefs to sing—
Bertie, who lately twitter'd to the string 175
His namby-pamby madrigals of love,
In the dark dingles of a glittering grove,
Where airy lays,† woven by the hand of morn,
Were hung to dry upon a cobweb thorn!
Happy the soil, where bards like mushrooms rise, 180
And ask no culture but what Byshe supplies!
Happier the bards, who, write whate'er they will,
Find gentle readers to admire them still!
Some love the verse that like Maria's flows,
No rubs to stagger, and no sense to pose; 185

(*p*) Ecce modo heroas sensus, afferre videmus
Nugari solitos Græcè, nec ponere lucum
Artifices, nec rus saturum laudare.—Euge, poeta!
Est nunc Brissei quem venosus liber Acci
Sunt quos Pacuviusque, et verrucosa moretur
Antiopa, cerumnis cor luctificabile fulta.

* Ev'n Bertie, &c.—For Bertie (Greathead, I think they call him), see the Maeviad.

† Where airy lays, &c.

" Was it the shuttle of the morn
" That hung upon the cobweb'd thorn
" Thy airy lay? Or did it rise,
" In thousand rich enamell'd dyes,
" To *greet the noon*-day sun," &c.—*Album*, vol. ii.

And [illegible]

There, smoking hot, in hale [illegible]

And the rank fume of TONY PAS

* MIT YENDA.—This is Mr. Tim, Adney, a most pertinacious gentleman, spicuous figure in the daily papers unde nature above cited; it being, as the r his own name read backward. "Gentle a joke!"

Of his prodigious labours I have not following stanza, taken from what he c

"Reward the bounty of your genero
"Your head each night in comfor
"And plenty smile throughout your
"While I do hasten to the silent

"Good morrow, my worthy master
"and a merry Christmas to you!"

I have been guilty of a misnomer litely informed me, since the above Christian name is not Timothy bu gram in question, therefore, must b ting the H, *euphoniæ gratia*. I an nity of doing justice to so correct him to continue his valuable lucul

† TONY PASQUIN.—I have to [illegible] offend him with any

Others, like Kemble, on black letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore;
Buy at vast sums the *trash* of ancient days,
And draw on prodigality for praise. 195
These, when some lucky hit, or lucky price,
Has bless'd them with "*The Boke of gods advice*,"
For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to seek,
And live upon a *whilome* for a week.
(*q*) And can we, when such mope-eyed dolts are placed, 200
By thoughtless fashion, on the throne of taste—

(*q*) Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
Cum videas, quærisque unde hæc sartago loquendi
Venerit in linguas? unde istud dedecus?———

"While nothing from thy jobbernowl can spring
"But impudence and filth; for out, alas!
"Do what we will, 'tis still the same vile thing,
"Within, all brick-dust—and without, all brass.

"Then blot the name of *Pasquin* from thy page:
"Thou seest it will not thy poor riff-raff sell.
"Some other would'st thou take! I dare engage
"*John Williams*, or Tom Fool, will do as well."

TONY has taken my friend's advice, and now sells, or attempts to sell, his "riff-raff" under the name of JOHN WILLIAMS.

It has been represented to me, that I should do well to avoid all mention of this man; from a consideration that one so lost to every sense of decency and shame, was a fitter object for the Beadle than the Muse. This has induced me to lay aside a second castigation which I had prepared for him, though I do not think it expedient to omit what I had formerly written.

Here on the rack of Satire let him lie,
Fit garbage for the hell-hound infamy.

One word more. I am told that there are men so weak as to deprecate this miserable object's abuse, and so vain, so despicably vain, as to tolerate his praise—for such I have nothing but pity;—though the fate of Hastings, see the "Pin-basket to the Children of Thespis," holds out a dreadful *lesson to the latter*:—but should there be a man, or a *woman, however high* in rank, base enough to purchas

(r) [illegible]

In all the flowery phrase of [illegible]
There Fezzan's thrum-capp'd trib
tians, Jews,
Accommodate, ye gods! their feet

(r) ——— c
Librat in antithetis; doctas posuisse f
Laudatur; bellum hoc. Hoc bellum?

---

the venal pen of this miscreant for th
innocence and virtue; then——I was
but 'tis not necessary: the profligate c
Antony can know no severer punishme
of a man whose acquaintance is infam
is poison.

* Lo! Beaufoy, &c.—" The feet are
" shoes,† and the head is *protected* by a—

AFRICAN AS

" From this scene of gladsome con
" mountain of Zilau (p. 288), whos
" marked with scanty spots of brush
" with stores of water, to the long
" rock of Gerdobah (p. 289), from wh
" ness little is to be got—from this sce
" contrast to the *inveterate* mountai

e *meagre* shrubs *inveterate* mountains grace,
brushwood breaks the *amplitude of space.* 211
lex'd with terms so vague and undefined,
nder on; till wilder'd, giddy, blind,
re'er I turn, on clouds I seem to tread;
call for Mandeville, to ease my head. 215
h for the good old times! WHEN all was new,
every hour brought prodigies to view,
sires in unaffected language told,
treams of amber, and of rocks of gold:
of their theme, they spurn'd all idle art; 220
the plain tale was trusted to the heart.
all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves,
to display our subject, than ourselves:
ate'er we paint—a grot, a flower, a bird,
vens, how we sweat! laboriously absurd! 225
ds of gigantic bulk, and uncouth sound,
attling triads the long sentence bound;
le points with points, with periods periods jar,
the whole work seems one continued war!
ot THIS sad?

F. "'Tis pitiful, heav'n knows, 230
is wond'rous pitiful." E'en take the prose;
for the poetry—oh, that, my friend,
ll aspire—nay, smile not,—to defend.
You praise our sires, but, though they wrote with force,
ir rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse; 235

) Sed numeris decor est, et junctura addita crudis.
idere sic versum didicit Berecynthius Atin,
qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea Delphin.
costam longo subduximus Appennino.

P. Pshaw; I h

"A voice seraphic grasps my

"Wond'ring I gaze; when lo!

"More bright than dauntless d

"A godlike form advances."

F. Yo

These lines, perhaps, too turgi

"THE MIGHTY MOTHER(*t*)—"

P. Now 'tis

For Weston's† self could find no

(*t*) ARMA VIRUM————

* Hasten, &c.—This and the follo taken from the "Laurel of Liberty," a great author most justly rests his cla See p. 18.

† Weston.—This indefatigable gentle employed in attacking the moral char Gentleman's Magazine, with all the v all the impudence of Smedley, and all th and his associates.

What the views of the bland Sylvan ing can in hand

Weston! who slunk from truth's imperious light,
Swells, like a filthy toad, with secret spite,
And, envying the fame he cannot hope, 250
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
—Reptile accurs'd!—O memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song,
O injured bard! accept the grateful strain,
Which I, the humblest of the tuneful train, 255
With glowing heart, yet trembling hand, repay,
For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay!
So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
Inform the simple, and delight the sage;
While canker'd Weston, and his loathsome rhymes, 260
Stink in the nose of all succeeding times!
(u) Enough. But where (for these, you seem
Are samples of the high, heroic lay) [to say,

(u) Quidnam igitur tenerum et laxa cervice legendum?
Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,

It has been suggested to me, that this nightman of literature designs to reprint as much as can be collected of the heroes of the Dunciad.—If it be so, the dirty work of traducing Pope may be previously necessary; and prejudice itself must own, that he has shewn uncommon penetration in the selection of the blind and outrageous mercenary now so laboriously employed in it.

Whatever be the design, the proceedings are by no means inconsistent with the plan of a work which may not unaptly be styled THE CHARNEL HOUSE OF REPUTATION, and which, from the days of Lauder to the present, has delighted to asperse every thing venerable amongst us—which accused Swift of lust, and Addison of drunkenness; which insulted the ashes of Toup while they were yet warm, and gibbeted poor Henderson alive; which affected to idolize the great and good Howard, while idolatry was painful to him; and the moment he fell, gloriously fell, in the exercise of the most sublime virtue, attempted to stigmatise him *as a brute* and a monster!

"O rash, severe decree! my
"Cannot the ponderous ago
"But forth I rush, from vale
"And with my mind's thick
"sun."

(*v*) Heavens! if our ancient
Could VERSE like this be wri
VERSE! THAT's the mellow
Inspired by genius, and infor

Et raptum vitulo caput ablatur
Bassaris————

(*v*) Hæc fierent, si testiculi ven
Viveret in nobis? summa delu
Hoc natat in labris: et in udo
Nec pluteum cædit, nec demor

---

* Canst thou, Matilda, &c. (vid
tilda! "nay then, I'll never trust
was but a few minutes since, that
love of Laura Maria; and now is
thing for the love of Anna Matilda
What the ladies may say to suc

ı, the abortive progeny of Pride,
Dulness, gentle pair, for aye allied;
ɔtten without thought, born without pains,
ropy drivel of rheumatic brains.
. (*w*) So let it be: and yet, methinks, my friend, 280
ıce were wise, where satire will not mend.
r wound the feelings of our noble youth,
grate their tender ears with odious truth?
r cherish Arno* and his flux of song,
hate the man who tells 'em they are wrong.

(*w*) Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero
Auriculas? vide sis, ne majorum tibi forte

)f the talents of this *spes altera Romæ*, this second of the age, the following stanzas will afford a suffi- specimen. They are taken from a ballad which Mr. an admirable judge of these matters, calls a "very lifluous one; easy, artless, and unaffected."

"*Gently* o'er the rising *billows*
"*softly* steals the bird of night,
"*Rustling* thro' the *bending willows;*
"*Fluttering* pinions *mark* her flight.

"Whither now in *silence bending*,
"Ruthless winds *deny thee rest*,
"Chilling *night-dews* fast descending
"*Glisten* on thy downy breast.

"Seeking some kind hand to guide thee
"*Wistful* turns thy *fearful* eye;
"*Trembling* as the willows *hide* thee,
"*Shelter'd* from th' inclement sky."

ɜ story of this poor owl, who was at one and the same at sea and on land, silent and noisy, sheltered and ex- l, is continued through a few more of these "melli- ıus" stanzas, which the reader, I doubt not, will rea- forgive me for omitting; more especially if he read s ɔRACLE, a paper honoured—as the grateful editor properly has it—by the effusions of this "artless" eman above all others.

B. On looking again, I find the OWL to be a night e!—N'importe.

ras said of Theophilus Cibber (I think by Goldsmith).

I see,
And all shall be divine, hencef
Yes, Andrews' doggrel, Greath
And Morton's catch-word, all,
F. 'Tis well. Here let th' i
cease,
And LEEDS at length enjoy his

Limina frigescant: sonat hîc de na
Litera. (*x*) Per me equidem sint
Nil moror: euge, omnes, omnes be

---

that as he grew older, he grew ne
the same (mutatis mutandis) may be
of the Baviad. After an interval o
"mellifluous" ARNO celebrating M
in strains like these.

"*For the ORAC*

"SONNET to Mrs. RC

"*Upon reading her VA*

"What never-ceasing Music! I
"Where sweetest *Sensibility*
"Pours out her tender triumph

P. Come then, around their works a circle draw,
And near it plant the dragons of the law,
With labels writ, "Critics, far hence remove,
"Nor dare to censure what the great approve."
I go. (*y*) Yet Hall could lash with noble rage, 300
The purblind patron of a former age;
And laugh to scorn th' eternal sonnetteer,
Who made goose-pinions and white rags so dear.
Yet Oldham, in his rude, unpolish'd strain,
Could hiss the clamorous, and deride the vain,
Who bawl'd their rhymes incessant thro' the town, 306
Or bribed the hawkers for a day's renown.
Whate'er the theme, with honest warmth they wrote,
Nor cared what Mutius of their freedom thought:
Yet prose was venial in that happy time, 310
And life had other business than to rhyme.
(*z*) And may not I—now this pernicious pest,
This metromania, creeps thro' every breast;

Hoc juvat: hîc inquis, veto, quisquam faxit oletum.
Pinge duos angues: pueri, sacer est locus, extra
Mejite; (*y*) discedo: secuit Lucilius urbem,
Te Lupe, te Muti, et genuinum fregit in illis.
(*z*) Men' mutiré nefas, nec clam, nec cum scrobe? Nusquam.
Hîc tamen infodiam. Vidi, vidi ipse, libelle:
Auriculas asini Mida rex habet. Hoc ego opertum,
Hoc ridere meum tam nil, nulla tibi vendo
Iliade. Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,
Aspice et hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis.
Inde vaporata lector mihi ferveat aure.

—— up the spittle of the bed
And riot on the sweepings o
Say, may not I expose—
F. No—'t
Prudence, my friend.
P. What! no
Well! thought at least is free

P. Nay, then, I'll dig a pit
The dreadful truth which so
THE TOWN, THE TOWN, GO
EARS!
Thou think'st, perhaps, this
strange;
So think thou still: yet woul
The secret humour of this sin
For all the Albums that were
Of this, no more.—O THOU (i
One bosom from this vile infe
THOU who canst thrill with jo

And trace the fortune of the varying fray, 340
While hour on hour flits unperceived away—
Approach: 'twixt hope and fear I wait. O deign,
To cast a glance on this incondite strain:
Here, if thou find one thought but well exprest,
One sentence, higher finish'd than the rest, 345
Such as may win thee to proceed awhile,
And smooth thy forehead with a gracious smile,
I ask no more. (*a*) But far from me the throng,
Who fancy fire in Laura's vapid song,
Who Anna's bedlam-rant for sense can take, 350
And over *Edwin's mewlings keep awake;

(*a*) Non hic, qui in crepidas Graiorum ludere gestit,
Sese aliquem credens, Italo quod honore supinus
Fregerit heminas—
His mane edictum, post prandia Calliroën do.

---

* *Edwin's Mewlings*, &c.—We come now to a character of high respect, the profound Mr. T. Vaughan, who, under the alluring signature of Edwin, favours us from time to time with a melancholy poem on the death of a bug, the flight of an earwig, the miscarriage of a cock-chaffer, or some other event of equal importance.

His last work was an "Επιταφιον," (blessings on his learning!) which, I take for granted, means *an Epitaph*, on a mouse that broke her heart: and, as it was a matter of great consequence, he very properly made the introduction as long as the poem itself. Hear how gravely he prologiseth.

"*On a tame mouse, which belonged to a lady who saved its* "*life, constantly fed it, and even wept, (poor lady!) at* "*its approaching death. The mouse's eyes actually* "*dropped out of its head, (poor mouse!)* THE DAY BE-"FORE IT DIED."

Επιταφιον.

"This feeling mouse, whose heart was warm'd
"By Pity's purest ray,
"Became her Mistress dropt a tear,
"*Wept both her eyes away.*

.VIAD.

er their birth or place,
of the Phrygian race,

---

f light,
s tried;
re could flow,
d.

ep for us,
pay—
fonts are dry,
—*Edwin.*

that he is not the author
h such spirit, and retorted
rned gentleman takes to be
argument and elegance of
h him and the reader, to
.

rect!—And so the PRO-
you politely style him,
iture of Edwin, does he?
ject for your satiric ma-
ment, as the *truth* and the
er did use that signature
e may have written: Do
that case, for your un-
tely fall under your own
Literature you so libe-
him too, if there is any
lo you not

are and their praise alike I scorn,
he laurel by their followers worn! 355
a task congenial to their powers),
nd auctions waste the morning hours,
dull noon away in Rumford's fane,
e the evening out at Drury-lane.

---

more happy when he accuses me of calling "the Nightman of Literature:"—But when a does not know what he writes, it is a little hard him to know what he reads. After all, Edwin ur egregious friend is still the PROFOUND Mr. han.

THE

MÆVIAD.

Qui BAVIUM *non odit, amet tua carmina* MÆVI.

I was not ignorant of what I exposed mysel
by the publication of that work. If abuse co
have affected me, I should not probably h
made a set of people my enemies, habituated
ill language, and possessed of such conveni
vehicles* for its dissemination. But I never
garded it from such hands; and, indeed, dep
cated nothing but their praise. I respect,
common with every man of sense, the cens
of the wise and good: but the angry ebulliti
of folly unmasked, and vanity mortified, pass
me "like the idle wind;" or, if noticed, se
merely to grace succeeding editions of the
riad.

I confess, however, that the work was receiv

(gloriosè loquor) were no
themselves. Della Crusca
the Oracle, and, if any of
to treat the town with a so
as before, introduced by
Pope and Milton resumed
Este and his coadjutors, s
the growing opinion of the
shewed some sense of shan

With this I was satisfi
my pen for no other end :
ing, with the idea that I
"some service;" and purp
ever the cæstus, which a re
cies I wielded "with too m
I was once more called into
appearance of some of the s

It was not enough that

* I hope no one will do me the

flowed more sparingly in the Oracle than before; I was determined

To have the current in *that place* damm'd up;

and accordingly began the present poem—for which, indeed, I had by this time other reasons. I had been told that there were still a few admirers of the Cruscan school, who thought the contempt expressed for it was not sufficiently justified by the few passages produced in the Baviad. I thought it best, therefore, to exhibit the tribe of Bell once more; and, as they passed in review before me, to make such additional extracts* from their works, as should put their demerits beyond the power of future question.

I remembered that this great critic, in his excellent remarks on the Baviad, had charged the author with "bespattering *nearly* all the "poetical eminence of the day." Anxious, therefore, to do impartial justice, I ran for the ALBUM, to discover who had been spared. Here I read, "In this collection are names whom Genius will "ever look upon as its *best* supporters! Sheridan" ——what, is 'SAUL also among the Prophets!' —"Sheridan, Merry, Parsons, Cowley, An-"drews, Jerningham, Greathead, Topham, Ro-"binson," &c.

Thus furnished with "ALL the poetical emi-"nence of the day," I proceeded, as Mr. Bell says, to bespatter it; taking, for the vehicle of

* It will now be said that I have done it *usque ad nauseam*. I confess it; and for the reason given above. And yet I can honestly assure the reader, that most, if not all, of the trash here quoted, passed with the authors for superlative beauties; every second word being printed either in *italics, or capitals*.

blockheads in the kingdom had sta
with one voice, Come! let us writ
this there is nothing, perhaps, altog
and peculiar novelty of the times s
they write is received. Of the thr
this business, the writers and the m
culpable. If the town will feed o
pains need not be taken to find them
able. But what shall we say of t
orders are so brutified by the lament
and Cobbe, and Pilon, and I know n
each worse than the other—that th
for simplicity and genuine humour;
unless it be gross and glaring, canno
"sweet voices." And the higher r
mild, that they take with a placid s
before them: or, if they now and th
fit of disgust, have not resolution en
sit yawning and gaping in each othe
couragement in their culpable forbe

When this was written, I thought
"ed," as Shakspeare says, "the ver
"lity;" but it has since appeared, t
degradation had not then been rea
English folly, indeed, could go no fa
right:—but the auxiliary supplies
hand; and the taste, vitiated by t

When the MÆVIAD (so I call the present poem) was nearly brought to a conclusion, I laid it aside. The times seemed unfavourable to such productions. Events of real importance were momentarily claiming the attention of the public; and the still voice of the Muses was not likely to be listened to amidst the din of arms. After an interval of two years, however, circumstances, which it is not material to mention, have induced me to finish, and trust it, without more preface, to the candour to which I am already so highly indebted for the kind reception of the Baviad.

sity of any critique on the merits of the German drama in general, since there is not a folly, however gross, an absurdity, however monstrous, to be found in that charming jeu d'esprit, that I would not undertake to parallel from one or other of the most admired works of the German Shakspeares.* Why it has not been produced on the stage is to me a matter of astonishment, since it unites the beauties of "the Stranger" and "Pizarro:" and, though perfectly German in its sentiments, is English in its language,—intelligible English; which is infinitely more than can be said of the translation from Kotzebue, so maliciously attributed to Mr. Sheridan.

In a word! if you take from the German dramas their horrid blasphemies, their wanton invocations of the sacred name, and their minute and ridiculous stage-directions, which seem calculated to turn the whole into a pantomime, nothing will remain but a caput mortuum, a vapid and gloomy mass of matter unenlightened by a single ray of genius or nature. If you leave them their blasphemies, &c. you have then a nameless something, insipid though immortal, tedious though impious, and stupid though extravagant!—so much so, that, as a judicious writer well observes, "it becomes a doubt which are the greatest objects "of contempt and scorn, those who conceived and wrote "them, or those who have the effrontery to praise them." Yet "these be thy Gods, O Israel!"—and to these are sacrificed our taste, our sense, and our national honour.

* So Kotzebue and Schiller are styled by the Critical Reviewers!

THE

MÆVIAD.

(a) YES, I DID say that Crusca's* "true sublime"
Lack'd taste, and sense, and every thing but rhyme;
That Arno's "easy strains" were coarse and rough,
And Edwin's "matchless numbers" woeful stuff.
And who—forgive, O gentle Bell! the word, 5
For it must out—who, prithee, so absurd,
So mulishly absurd, as not to join,
In this, with me; save always THEE, and THINE!

HORACE, SAT. X. LIB. I.

(a) Nempe incomposito dixi pede currere versus
Lucili. Quis tam Lucili fautor inepte est,
Ut non hoc fateatur?

* Crusca's "true sublime." The words between inverted commas in this and the following verses, are Mr. Bell's. They contain, as the reader sees, a short character of the works to which they are respectively affixed. Though I have the misfortune to differ from this gentleman in the present instances, yet I observe such acuteness of perception in his general criticism, that I should have styled him the "profound" instead of the "gentle" Bell; if I had not previously applied the epithet to a still greater man, (absit invidia dicto,) to—Mr. T. Vaughan.

I trust that this incidental preference will create no jealousy—for though, as Virgil properly remarks, "an oaken "staff EACH merits:" yet I need not inform a gentleman, who, like Mr. Bell, reads Shakspeare every day after dinner, that "if two men ride upon a horse, one of them must "ride behind."

— sentimental ensigns, as th
Wiped the sad drops of pity fr
And burst between a hiccup an
Yet, not content, like horse-lee
And split my head with one et
For "more! more! more!"(c) a
I grant
The full, the unreserv'd applaus
St. John* might then my partia
And claim my suffrage for his t
And Greathead,† rising from his
Fling the forgotten "Regent" in

(b) At idem quod sale r
Urbem defricuit, charta laudatur eaden
Nec tamen hoc tribuens dederim quoqu
Et Laberî mimos, ut pulchra poemata
(c) The horse-leech has two daughter
"give!"—*Proverbs*.

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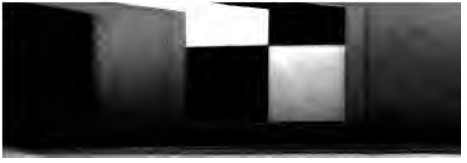
* St John, &c. Having already obse
duction, that the Mem



Bid me my censure, as I may, deplore, 25
And like my brother critics, cry "Encore!"

and others, as "the work of a SCHOLAR," I want words to express my just contempt. The plot of it is childish, the conduct absurd, the language unintelligible, the thoughts false and unnatural, the metaphors incongruous, the general style grovelling and base: and to sum up all in a word, the whole piece the most execrable abortion of stupidity that ever disgraced the stage.

It is to be wished that critics by profession, sensible of the influence which their opinions necessarily have on the public taste, would divest themselves of their partialities when they sit down to the execution of, what I hope they consider as, a solemn duty. We should not then find them, as in the present instance, prostituting their applause on works that call for universal reprobation.

It is but fair, however, to observe, that Mr. Parsons has added his all-sufficient suffrage to that of the Reviewers, in favour of Mr. Greathead.

> "O bard! to whom belongs
> "Each purest fount of poesy!
> "Who old Ilyssus' hallowed dews
> "In his *own* Avon dares infuse.
> "O favoured clime! O happy age!
> "That boasts, to save a sinking stage,
> "A Greathead!!!"—*Gent. Mag.*

When I first read these, and other high-sounding praises, scattered over Reviews, Magazines, Newspapers, and I know not what; I was naturally led to conclude that Mr. G. had succeeded better in his smaller pieces than in his tragedy, and thus justified in some degree the cry of his "learning," &c. &c. But no. All was a blank!

Here are a few samples of the "Ilyssean dews infused by Mr. Greathead into his OWN Avon"—muddied, I suppose, and debased by the home-bred streamlets of one Shakspeare.

> "In fuller presence we descry,
> "Mid mountain rocks—a deity
> "Than eye of man shall e'er behold
> "In living grace of *sculptur'd* gold."*

More matter for a May morning!

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* "These lines (Mr. Parsons says), are not Greathead's." But they are published with his name in the Album; which, exclusive of their stupidity, is sufficient authority for me. If our doughty critic chooses to take them to himself, I can have no objection; for, after all, pugna est de paupere regno!

Auditoris; et est quæd

"ODE (

"Accurs'd be dull
"Whether at eve
"In sluggish car
"With mimic air
"She feebly throv
"While too obser
"Unmark'd her d
"Alike to her wh

I hope the reader under

"OD

"Never didst thou a
"While Tiber's sons
"Yet much they lov
"Carthage attest my
"To glut their sang
"Not citizens but gl
"Slavery and vassal
"And savage broils,
"Vanish thou likew

And these are ODES,
"of Pindar," I take fo
Enough of Mr. Grea
am actuated by no pe
truth, (what indeed I ca
that I have not the sli

'Tis not enough to dole out Ahs! and Ohs!
Through Kemble's thorax, or through Bensley's nose,
To croud our stage with scaffolds, or to fright
Our wives with rapes, repeated thrice a night;
JUDGES——Not such as, self-created, sit 35
On that TREMENDOUS BENCH* which skirts the pit,

should suddenly start forth a new Tyrtæus, and pour a dreadful note thro' a crack'd war-trump, amazes me.—Well; FRONTI NULLA FIDES shall henceforth be my motto.

In the pride of his heart Mr. Jerningham has taken the instrument from his mouth, and given me a smart stroke on the head with it: this is fair,

Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus cura sagittis.

He has also levelled a deadly blow at a gentleman who, most assuredly, never dreamed of having our Drawcansir for an antagonist: this, though not quite so fair, is not altogether unprecedented;

An eagle towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at!

There is a trait of scholarship in Mr. Jerningham's last poem, which should not be overlooked; more especially as it is the only one. Having occasion to mention "Agave "and her *infant*,† he subjoins the following explanation: "Alluding to Agave, who in a delirium slew her *child*. "See Ovid." No, I'll take Mr. Jerningham's word for it, though I had twenty Ovids before me.

* When this was written (which was while the Opera House was used for plays), the "learned justicers" here enumerated, together with the others *not yet taken*, were accustomed to flock nightly to this BENCH, from which the unlettered vulgar were always scornfully repelled with an ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΑΜΟΥΣΟΣ.

I have not heard whether the New Theatre be possessed of such a one: I think not: for critics are no more gregarious than spiders. Like them, they *might* do great things in concert: but, like them too, they usually end with devouring one another.

† See his "Peace, Ignominy, and Destruction," p. 15.

Johnson's worst frailties, rc
His heavy head from hour t
Affects the fool, and is wha
JUDGES of truth and sense,
That art to nature lend a he
That fables well devised, be
Correct if new, and probabl
When Mason lends Elfrid
Adorn'd with virtues which s
I feel for every tear; while,
By the full tide of unresisted
I stop not to inquire if all be
But take her goodness, as he
'Till calm reflection checks m
The heroine as she was, and
A bold, bad woman, wading t
Thro' seas of blood, and cri
known:

* Arno.—The dreams of this novel

Struts from the field his enemy had won,
On stately stilts, exulting and undone!
Here I can only pity, only smile;
Where not one grace, one elegance of style,
Redeems the audacious folly of the rest,
Truth sacrificed, and history made a jest.

Let this, Ye Cruscans,‡ if your heads be m
"Of penetrable stuff," let this persuade
Your husky tribes their wanderings to restra
Nor hope what taste and Mason fail'd to gai

Still with your characters j
From grave to gay, as natu
Now droop in all the plain
Now in glad numbers ligh
Now shake the stage with
And make the aching bos
Now——But I sing in va
Your joy is fustian, and y
Rhetoric has banish'd rea
Vent in hyberboles their
Guardsmen in metaphors
And "maidens, in white
(*f*) Reverent I greet t
Blest be your names, and
From nature's varied fac
And following ages own'

(*e*) Est brevitate opus,
Impediat verbis lassas on
Et sermone opus est mod

O! had our sots, who rhyme with headlong haste,
And think reflection still a foe to taste,
But brains your pregnant scenes to understand,
And give us truth, tho' but at second hand, 96
'Twere something yet! But no; they never look—
Shall souls of fire, they cry, a tutor brook?
Forbid it, inspiration! Thus, your pain
Is void, and ye have lived, for them, in vain; 100
(g) In vain, for Crusca and his skipping school,
Cobbe, Reynolds, Andrews, and that Nobler Fool;
Who nought but Laura's* tinkling trash admire,
And the mad jangle of Matilda's* lyre.

(g) —— quos neque pulcher
Hermogenes unquam legit, nec simius iste,
Nil præter Calvum doctus cantare Catullum.

---

* Laura's tinkling trash, &c.—I had amassed a world of this "tinkling trash" for the behoof of the reader; but having, fortunately for him, mislaid it, and not being disposed to undertake again the drudgery of wading through Mr. Bell's collections, I can only offer the little which occurs to my memory. Of this little, the merits must be principally shared among Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Cowley, and Mr. Merry:

"Et vos, O Lauri, carpam, et te, proxima Myrte,
"Sic positæ quoniam suaves miscetis odores."

"O let me fly
"Where Greenland darkness drinks the beamy sky!"

"But oh! beware how thou dost fling
"Thy *hot pulse* o'er the quivering string!"

"Pluck from their dark and rocky bed
"The yelling demons of the deep,
"Who soaring o'er the comet's head,
"The bosom of the welkin sweep."

"And when the jolly full moon laughs,
"In her clear zenith to behold
"The envious stars withdraw their gleams of gold,
"'Tis to thy health she stooping quaffs
"The sapphire cup that fairy zephyrs bring!"

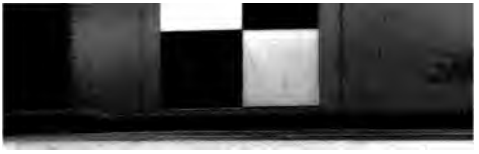
On considering these and the preceding lines, I was

would issue an immediate order tc
the cells of Bedlam. Certainly, if
were made from the "darken'd w
quarter, an Album might be prese
world, more poetical, and far more r
they have lately honoured with the

> "Why does thy stream of *sweet*
> "*Foam* on the mountain's murm
> "Or through the vocal covert gli
>
> "I heard a tuneful phantom in t
> "I saw it watch the rising moon
> "Wet with the weeping of the tw
>
> "The pilgrim who with *tearful* e
> "The moon's wan lustre in the m
> "*Sooth'd* by her light——"

This is an admirable reason for h
Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot q
is in raptures with it, and very prop
the admiration of Della Crusca, as b
"a congenial soul." There is also a
one Dr. Tasker, (should it not be I
given a decided opinion, it seems, in
abilities; which may console her for
envious scribblers as the author of t

And first you shall hear what Mrs
Tasker.——"The *learned* and *ingenio*
"third volume of his *elegant* and *cr*
"NOUNCED some of Mrs. Robinsor



He taught us first the language to refine,
To crowd with beauties every sparkling line,

"circles, has honoured Mr."——Lo! the Dr. is dwindled into plain Mr. —— "has honoured Mr. Tasker's poetical "and other productions with high and distinguished marks "of her approbation!"—GAZETEER, Jan. 16.

Why this is the very song of Prodicus, ἡ χειρ την χειρα κνιζει——for the rest, I trust my readers will readily subscribe to the praises which these most "competent and "disinterested judges" have reciprocally lavished on each other.

But, allons!

"—— My hand, at night's fell noon,
"Plucks from the tresses of the moon
"A sparkling crown of silv'ry hue,
"Besprent with studs of frozen dew!

"On the dizzy *height* inclin'd
"I *listen* to the passing *wind*,
"That loves my *mournful song* to seize,
"And bears it to the *mountain breeze*."

Here we find that listening to the wind, and singing to it, are one and the same thing; and that—but I can make nothing of the rest.

"When in black obtrusive clouds
"The chilly moon her pale cheek shrouds,
"I mark the twinkling starry train
"Exulting glitter in her wane,
"And proudly gleam their borrow'd light
"To gem the sombre dome of night."

What an admirable observer of nature is this great poetess! The stars *twinkling* in a cloudy night, and *gleaming* their BORROWED lustre, is superlatively good. I had almost forgot to observe that these, and the preceding lines, are taken from the Ode to the Nightingale; so superior, in the reverend judgment of Dr. Tasker, to one of a Mr. John Milton on the same subject.

"—— the lightning's rays
"Leap through the night's scarce pervious gloom,
"Attracted by" ——(what, for a ducat!)
"Attracted by the rose's bloom!"

"Let but thy lyre impatient seize
"Departing twilight's filmy breeze,
"That winds the enchanting chords among
"In lingering labyrinths of song.——"

"See in the clouds its mast the proud bark laves,
"Scorning the aid of ocean's humble waves!"

From this it appears, that Mrs. Cowley imagines proud

"mine!"

VAUGHAN! well remembe
complains
That I affix'd his name to Ed
'Tis just—for what three kindr
Is most unfairly charged, I w

(*l*) —— O seri studiorum! q
Difficile et mirum, RHODIO quc
Contigit.

---

barks to float on their masts. It is
the vessel takes such extraordinary st
she carries Della Crusca!

"——— from a young grove's
"Whose infant boughs but mock th
"Sweet sounds stole forth, upborne
"Press'd thro' the air, and broke u
"Then silent walk'd the breezes of
"Or soar'd aloft, and seiz'd the hove

The force of folly can no farther g

* Edwin's strains.—If the reader
sion of the Rewied he will

Pardon, my learned friend! With wat'ry eyes,
Thy growing fame to truth I sacrifice; 120
To many a sonnet call thy claims in doubt,
And, "at one entrance, shut thy glory out."
Yet MEWL thou still. Shall my lord's dormouse
die,
And low in dust without a requiem lie!
No, MEWL thou still: and while thy d—'s join
Their melancholy symphonies to thine, 126
My righteous verse shall labour to restore
The well-earn'd fame it robb'd them of before:
EDWIN, whatever elegies of woe
Drop from the gentle mouths of Vaughan and
Co. 130
To this or that, henceforth no more confined,
Shall, like a surname, take in all the kind.
Right! cry the brethren. When the heaven-
born muse,
Shames her descent, and for low earthly views,
Hums o'er a beetle's bier the doleful stave, 135
Or sits chief mourner at a May-bug's grave,
Satire should scourge her from the vile employ,
And bring her back to friendship, love, and joy.

"up to them, becoming instantly gentle, (good dog!) and "tractable."

Tantum ad narrandum argumentum est benignitas!

"When Orpheus took his *lyre* to hell,
"To fetch his rib away,
"On that same thing he pleas'd so well,
"That devils learn'd to play.

"Besides in books it may be read,
"That whilst he swept the *lute*
"Grim Cerb'rus hung his savage head,
"And lay astoundly mute.

"But here we can with justice say
"That nature rivals art,
"He sang a mastiff's rage away,
"You look'd one through the heart."—Fecit Edwin.

nor was I conscious
note from that gentleman, assuring
not the author of them; but (ho
thought them "execrable." Mr.
affirms them to be "admirable."

"Who shall decide when

Be this as it may, I am happy to
the true author. They were wri
rather incline to Mr. Bell, pace
no scruple of laying the rema
"piece" before the reader:

"Slighted love the *soul*
"*Silent* sorrow *chills*
"*Treach'rous* fancy stil
"Still *repels* the *pois*

"*Soothing* those fond
"*Pictur'd* in the *glo*
"*Lavish* of her sweete
"Anxious *fear* is *cha*

"Fearless o'er the whi
"*Proudly* rise, swe
"*Safely* through the
"*Gently* wing thy

Though I flatter myself tha
enough to see and admire th
yet a regard for truth oblig
not original. They are tak
fess) from a most beautiful
Miscellanies. T

LORENZO,(4) REUBEN,(5) spare: far be the thought
Of interest, far from them. Unbribed, unbought,

"Sonnet:" luckily, however, it is so ineffably stupid, that it will more than satisfy any readers but Mr. Bell's.

"ON A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

"Oft hath the poet hail'd the breath of morn,
"That wakens nature with the voice of spring,
"And oft, when purple summer feeds the lawn,
"Hath fancy touch'd him with her procreant wing,
"Full frequent has he bless'd the golden beam
"Which yellow autumn glowing spreads around,
"And though pale winter press'd a paly gleam,
"Fresh in his breast was young description found——."

I can copy no more—Job himself would lose all patience here. Instead, therefore, of the remainder of this incomprehensible trash, I will give the reader a string of judicious observations by Mr. T. Vaughan: "Bruyere says, he will "allow that good writers are scarce enough, but adds, and "justly, that good critics are equally so: which *reminds our* "*correspondent* also of what the Abbé Trublet *writes, speak-*"*ing of* professed critics, where he *says*, if they were obliged "to examine authors impartially——there would be fewer "writers in *this way*. Was this to be the liberal practice "adopted by our modern critics, we should not see a BAVIAD "—falling upon men and things, that are much above his "capacity, and seemingly for no other reason than because "they are so."

A Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel! This is in truth the reason; and when Mr. Vaughan and his coadjutors condescend to humble themselves to my understanding, I will endeavour to profit by their eloquent strictures.

(3) Adelaide—And who is Adelaide! O seri studiorum! "Not to know her argues yourselves unknown." Hear Mr. Bell, the Longinus of Newspaper writers.

ADELAIDE.

"HE who is here addressed by the first lyric writer in "the kingdom, must himself endeavour to repay a debt so "highly honourable, if it *can be done* by verse! This lady "shall have the praise, which ought to be given by the "COUNTRY, that of first discovering, and drawing out the "*fine powers* of Arno and Della Crusca!"

"O thou, whom late I watch'd, while o'er thee hung
"The orb, whose glories I so oft have sung,
"*Beheld thee* while a *shower of beam*
"*Made night* a lovelier morning seem," &c.

yet rewarded with a statue), she r
it with Julia. Hear her Invocat
Bell. "A most elegant complime
"esteem has been seldom equalled,
"which inspired it."

"JULIA TO AR

"Arno! where steals thy du
"Soft as the evening's min
"Say, does it deck the rising
"Or on the noon-tide bree

Mrs. Robinson (for we may as
Julia) has been guilty of a trifling
taken from the Baviad, without
delicious couplet, which I flatter
have been seen out of that poem
Pope,

——— write whate'
Some rising genius *sins* up

This has nettled me a little, and po
poetess in my opinion: for I have
late, that I begin to think with the

Ουτος αοιδων λωστος ος εξ εμ

For the rest, this "elegant invo
specimen of Arno's fine powers in th

"ARNO TO JUL

"To soul's like theirs;" As Anna's youth inspires,
As Laura's graces kindle fierce desires, 146

seasoning whatever capable of making the insipid garbage of this modern Sthenelus palatable: I shall therefore spare myself the disgust of producing it.

(5) Reuben, whom I take to be Mr. Greathead in disguise (it being this gentleman's fate, like Hercules of old, to assume the merit of all unappropriated prodigies), introduced himself to the WORLD by the following

"ADDRESS TO ANNA MATILDA.

"To thee, a stranger dares address his theme,
"To thee, proud mistress of Apollo's lyre,
"One ray emitted from thy golden gleam,
"Prompted by love would set the world on fire!
"Adorn then love in fancy-tinctur'd vest,
"Camelion like, anon of various hue,
"By Penseroso, and Allegro drest,
"Such genius claim'd when she Idalia drew."—

Anna Matilda, what could she less! found

————this resuscitating praise
Breathe life upon her dying lays,

like "the daisy which spreads her bloom to the moist "evening!" and accordingly produced a matchless "adorn-"ment of love," to the great contentment of the gentle Reuben.

"But bard polite, how hard the task
"Which with *such elegance* you ask!"

Who would have imagined that these lines, the simple tribute of gratitude to genius, should nearly occasion "a perdition of souls!" Yet so it was. They unfortunately roused the jealousy of Della Crusca "on the sportive "banks of the Rhone."—One luckless evening,

"When twilight on the western edge
"Had twined his hoary hair with sabling sedge,"

as he was "weeping" (for, like Master Stephen, these good creatures think it necessary to be always melancholy) at the tomb of Laura, he started, as well he might, at the accursed name of Reuben.

"Hark! (quoth he)
"What cruel sounds are these
"Which float upon the languid breeze,
"Which fill my soul with jealous fear!
"Hah! *Reuben* is the name I hear.
"For him my *faithless* Anna," &c.

It pains me to add, that the cold-blooded Bell has de-

[illegible] curse the cruelty of—G
When Phœbus (not the P
write,
For he, dear Dapper! was
One morn, when dreams are
side,
And, frowning on my tuneful
"Lo! every corner with soft
And high-born odes, 'work
'damn'd!'
(*l*) And is THY active folly a
To this most worthless, most

(*k*) Atqui Ego cum Græcos face
Versiculos, vetuit tali me voce Qui
Post mediam visus noctem, cum sc
(*l*) In sylvam non ligna feras insan
Magnas Græcorum malis implere c

---

stroyed this beautiful fancy-scene w
clownish pen. In a note on the above

O impotence of toil! thou might'st as well, 161
Give sense to Este, or modesty to Bell.
Forbear, forbear:—What tho' thou can'st not claim
The sacred honours of a POET's name,
Due to the few alone, whom I inspire 165
With lofty rapture, with ethereal fire?
Yet mayst thou arrogate the humble praise
Of reason's bard, if, in thy future lays,
Plain sense and truth, (and surely these are thine,)
Correct thy wanderings, and thy flights confine."
Here ceased the God and vanish'd. Forth I sprang, 171
While in my ear the voice divine yet rang,
Seiz'd every rag and scrap, approach'd the fire,
And saw whole ALBUMS in the blaze expire.
Then shame ensued, and vain regret, to have spent 175
So many hours, (hours, which I yet lament,)
In thriftless industry; and year on year
Inglorious roll'd, while diffidence, and fear,
Represt my voice——unheard till ANNA came,
What! throb'st thou YET, my bosom, at the name?
And chased the oppressive doubts which round me clung, 181
And fired my breast, and loosen'd all my tongue.
Even then, (admire, John Bell! my simple ways),
No heaven and hell danced madly thro' my lays,
No oaths, no execrations; all was plain: 185
Yet, trust me, while thy "ever-jingling train"
Chime their sonorous woes with frigid art,
And shock the reason, and revolt the heart;

[illegible] you forgot amidst my native pl

* Mr. Parsons is extremely angry at my "intrusion" of the "Otium Divos" into th poem. What could I do? I ever disliked little modicums on loose pages—but I shall his example! and, indeed, am even now co "Riddle, two Rebusses, and one Acrostic "nurse,"† which will be set forth with all con Meanwhile I am tempted to offend once mor the only three of my "wild strains" that n recollection. I can assure Mr. Parsons th written on the occasions they profess to be— them at a time when I had no idea of survivi his indignation:

——sed Cynaræ breves
Annos fata dederunt, me
Servatura diu.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS

"Sweet flowers! that, from your humble
"Thus prematurely dare to rise,
"And trust your unprotected heads
"To cold Aquarius' watery skies;

"Retire, retire! *These* tepid airs
"Are not the genial brood of May;
"*That* sun with light malignant glares,
"And flatters only to betray.

"S

hile THOU hast sweetly gurgled down the vale,
ll'd up the pause of love's delightful tale! 196

"Come then—ere yet the morning ray
"Has drank the dew that gems your crest,
"And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
"O come, and grace my *Anna's* breast.

"Ye droop, fond flowers! But, did ye know,
"What worth, what goodness there reside,
"Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
"And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

"For there has liberal Nature join'd
"Her riches to the stores of Art,
"And added to the vigorous mind,
"The soft, the sympathising heart.

"Come then—ere yet the morning ray
"Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
"And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
"O come, and grace my *Anna's* breast.

"O! I should think,—that fragrant bed
"Might I but hope with you to share,—
"Years of anxiety repaid,
"By one short hour of transport there.

"More blest than me, thus shall ye live
"Your little day; and, when ye die,
"Sweet flowers! the grateful muse shall give
"A verse; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.

"While I, alas! no distant date,
"Mix with the dust from whence I came,
"Without a friend to weep my fate,
"Without a stone to tell my name.

GREENWICH-HILL.

First of May.

"Though clouds obscured the morning hour,
"And keen and eager blew the blast,
"And drizzling fell the cheerless shower,
"As, doubtful, to the skiff we past:

"All soon, propitious to our prayer,
"Gave promise of a brighter day;
"The clouds dispers'd in purer air,
"The blast in zephyrs died away.

"So have we, Love, a day enjoy'd,
"On which we both—and yet, who knows?—
"May dwell with pleasure unalloy'd,
"And dread no thorn beneath the rose.

"How pleasan., from that dome-crown'd hill,
"To view the varied scene below,
"Woods, ships, and spires, and, lovelier still,
"The circling Thames' majestic flow!

"How sweet, as indolently laid,
"We overhung that long-drawn dale,
"To watch the chequer'd light and shade,
"That glanced upon the shifting sail!

"The careless mind's spon
"Gave to that simple meal a
"Which richer tables may

"The babe that, on the mothe
"Has toy'd and wanton'd fo
"And, sinking to unconscious
"Looks up to catch a partin

"Feels less assured than thos,
"When, ere thy ruby lips co
"(As close to mine thy cheek w
"Thine eyes had open'd all t

"Then, then, I mark'd the chas
"That lightly o'er thy feature
"From vows repaid, (my sweet
"From truth, from innocence

"While every word dropt on m
"So soft, (and yet it seems to
"So sweet, that 'twas a hear'n
"And e'en thy pause had musi

"And O! how like a fairy dream
"To gaze in silence on the tid
"While soft and warm the sunsey
"Slept on the glassy surface w

"And many a thought of fancy br
"Wild, soothing, tender, undefi
"Play'd lightly round the heart, a
"Delicious languor o'er the min

"So hours like moments wing'd the
"Till now the boatman, on the s
"Impatient of the waning light,
"Recall'd us by the

ould blushing on her lover's neck recline, 199
id with her finger—point the tenderest line.
it these are past: and, mark me, Laura! Time,
hich made what then was venial, now a crime,
more befitting cares my thoughts confined,
id drove, with youth, its follies from my mind.
) Since this, while Merry and his nurslings die,

---

ss) Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
fingit Rheni luteum caput, hæc ego ludo,
e nec in sede sonent certantia, judice Tarpâ.

" I wish I could! For, when she died,
" I lost my all; and life has proved,
" Since that sad hour, a dreary void,
" A waste unlovely, and unloved.—

" But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
" Shall duly to her grave repair,
" And pluck the ragged moss away,
" And weeds that have 'no business there!'

" And who, with pious hand, shall bring
" The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,
" And violets that unbeeded spring,
" To scatter o'er her hallow'd mold!

" And who, while memory loves to dwell
" Upon her name for ever dear,
" Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
" And pour the bitter, bitter, tear!

" I *did it*: and, would fate allow,
" Should visit still, should still deplore—
" But health and strength have left me now,
" And I, alas! can weep no more.

" Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
" The last I offer at thy shrine;
" Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
" And all thy memory fade with mine.

" And can thy soft persuasive look,
" Thy voice, that might with music vie,
" Thy air, that every gazer took,
" Thy matchless eloquence of eye;

" Thy spirits, frolicsome as good,
" Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,
" Thy patience, by no wrongs subdued,
" Thy gay good-humour—Can they 'fade!'

" Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye;
" Cold turf, which I no more must view,
" Dear name, which I no more must sigh,
" *A long*, a *last*, a sad adieu!"

...mission to the Album, (
In L——'s Review, or Url
O, for thy spirit, Pope!
Which wake no envy, and
Half-creeping, and half-flyi
To stagger impudence, and
An hour may come, so I de
When slowly wandering by
Majestic Thames! I leave t
And give to fancy all th' en
An hour may come, when I
To nobler themes: then, the
With thy own harmony, most
And guide my hand thro' all
Till then, enough for me, in s
As mother-wit can give, and
A vacant hour allows, to ran
And hunt the clamorous broo
Force every head, in Este's (
The cap and bells ...

Burgoyne,* perhaps, (*n*) unchill'd by creeping age,
May yet arise, and vindicate the stage;
The reign of nature and of sense restore, 235
And be—whatever Terence was before.
And you, too, whole Menander!† who combine,
With his pure language, and his flowing line,
The SOUL of Comedy; may steal an hour
From the fond chace of still-escaping power, 240
The poet and the sage again unite,
And sweetly blend instruction with delight.
(*o*) And yet Elfrida's bard, tho' time has shed
The snow of age too deeply round his head,
Feels the kind warmth, the fervour, which inspired
His youthful breast, still glow uncheck'd, untired:
And yet, tho' like the bird of eve, his song
"Fit audience finds not" in the giddy throng,
The notes, tho' artful wild, tho' numerous chaste,
Fill with delight the sober ear of taste. 250
But these, and more I could with honour name,
Too proud to stoop, like me, to vulgar game,
Subjects, more worthy of their daring, chuse,
And leave at large the abortions of the Muse.

(*n*) Arguta meretrice potes, Davoque Chremeta
Eludente senem, comis garrire libellos
Unus vivorum, Fundani.——
(*o*) ——— molle atque facetum
Virgillo annuerunt gaudentes rure Camenæ.

---

* Burgoyne.—See the note on v. 21.

† And you, too, whole Menander, &c.—O spem fallacem! Our Menander has since "stolen an hour," (it would be injustice to suppose it more,) from public pursuits, and prostituted it to the re-production of a German sootterkin.

Beat like the death-watch
And sure, too sure, that mar
Of truth and nature, check'd
(Dear to the feeling heart,)
The vacant wanderer, mid t
Of this hoarse rout; I seize
Resolv'd, tho' small my skill
The mischief, in its progress
And exorcise the soil of suc

HENCE! IN THE NAME—
when lo!
Reams of outrageous sonnets,
Flew round my head; yet, i
"Pour on," I cried, "pour o

* Checked his wood-notes wild.—
ασουται κυκνοι. But this is better
elegant fable of Lessing, to which I
tice in a translation.

"Du zürnest, Liebling der M

Thou art troubled, darling of the
bled at the

What! shall I shrink, because the noble train,
Whose judgment I impugn, whose taste arraign,

fix to some future edition of the Mæviad, under the classic head of

INSIGNIUM VIRORUM

ALIQUOT TESTIMONIA

QUI

BAV: ET MÆV: INCLYTISS: AUCTORIS

MEMINERUNT.

Meanwhile I shall present the reader with the first two which occur, as a specimen of the collection.

SONNET I.

"To the anonymous author of the Baviad, occasioned "by his scurrilous, and most unmerited attack on Mr. "Weston.

"*Demon of darkness!* whoeoe'er thou art,
"That dar'st assume the brighter angel's form,
"And o'er the peaceful vale impel the storm,
"With many a sigh to rend the *honest* heart.
"Force from th' *unconscious* eye the tear to start,
"And with just *pride* th' indignant bosom warm;
"Avaunt! to where unnumber'd spirits swarm,
"Foul and malignant as thyself, depart.
"Genius of Pope descend, ye servile crew
"Of imitators vile, intrude not!!! I appeal
"To thee, and thee alone, from outrage base;
"Tell me, tho' fair the forms his fancy drew,
"Should'st thou the secrets of his heart reveal,
"Would fame his memory crown, or cover with disgrace?

J. M.—*Gent. Mag.* Aug. 1792.

This poor driveller, who is stupid enough to be Wesm's admirer, and malignant enough to be his friend, I ke to be one Morley;* whom I now and then observe

---

* I was right. Mr. Morley, who, I understand, is a clergyin, and who, like Mr. Parsons, exults in the idea of having first acked me, has since published a "*Tale*," the wit, or rather ness of which, if I recollect right, consist in my being disapnted of a Living.

ere follow a few of the introductory lines, which for poetry pleasantry can only be exceeded by those of Mr. Parsons.

"What if a little once I did abuse thee?
"Worse than thou hadst deserved I could not use thee;
"For when I spied thy Satyr's cloven foot,
"'Tis very true I took thee for a brute;

"Was marking more attent
"I since have wished thy h
"But if a man thou art, as
"Oh! how my fingers itch
"As pleased as Punch, I'd l
"Till Parkinson had stuffed

It is rather singular that this still
be introduced to the Bookseller
Parr. If that respectable name wa
I can only say that politics, like mise
"with strange bedfellows!"

For the rest, I will present Mr. M
which, if he will get them construed
before he next puts pen to paper, r
him, than all the instruction, and
Doctor, apparently, ever gave him.

Cur ego laborem notus e
Cum stare gratis cum sil

I find from a letter which my publi
Parr, that this note (which I have le
given him some slight degree of uneas

It is satisfactory to me to reflect tha
on a misapprehension. When I rema
"of Mr. Morley's 'Tale' being introd
"Dr. Parr," I merely alluded to a conv
himself was said to have had with h
suspected (what I now find, from the L
case) that this respectable name (Dr. P
introduced upon the occasion, "witho
knowledge."

If my words conveyed the idea (which
may) that Dr. Parr himself had recor
was far from my intention; and I am
am sorry that his name

——save me from their PRAISE, and I can sit
, unconcern'd, the butt of Andrews' wit,
Topham's sense; perversely gay can smile,
e Este,(p) the zany, in his motley style, 280
barbarous names; while Bell and Boaden
rave, [save,
Vaughan, a brother blockhead's verse to

Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? aut crucier, quod
licet absentem Demetrius? aut quod ineptus
inius Hermoginis lædat conviva Tigelli?

SONNET II.

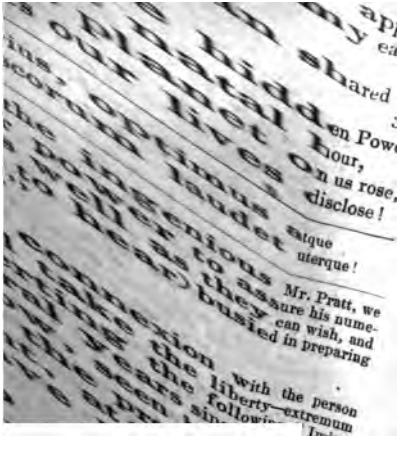
TO THE EXECRABLE BAVIAD.

Monster of Turpitude! who seem'st inclined
'Through me to pierce with thy *impregnate* dart,
The *fine-spun nerve* of each *full-bosom'd* mind,*
'And rock in *apathy*—the *sensive* heart,
Tremble! for lo! *my Oracle—so fam'd*
'Shall *ring* each morn in thy *accursed* ear
grieding pang! so—when the *Grecian Mare*†
'Enter'd the *town*, old Priamus exclaim'd
I see! I see!——and *Aur'd* his *lightning* spear,
'While Capaneus drew back *his* head—for fear,
And *godlike* ‡ Alexander——gazing round,
"Unconscious of his victories—*to come*,
Approach'd the monarch, and with *sobs* profound
'Explain'd th' *impending* wrath o'er Ilium's royal dome."

J. Bell.

---

ere full-bottomed.—*Printer's Devil.*
ecian *Mare.*—This has been *hitherto*, inaccurately enough,
the Trojan *horse*; and indeed, I myself had nearly fallen
e unscholarlike error, when my learned friend Greathead
ced me (from Pope's emendations of Virgil, under the
ic name of Scriblerius) that the animal in question was a
—She being *there* said to be feta armis, armed with a
Let us hear no more, therefore, of the Trojan *horse!*
patronymick *Trojan* is still more absurd. Homer expressly
s the Mare to have been produced by Pallas—Palladis arte:
illas was a Grecian Goddess, as is sufficiently manifest from
me, which is derived from Παλλω vibro. *J. Bell.*
odlike; that is, θεοειδης, from θεο, God, and ειδης,
(Vide Hom.) Translators in general (I except a late one)
inattentive to the compound epithets of this great poet.
hy does Homer call Alexander Godlike, when he appears
Curtius Quintiuses tedious gazette in verse, to have had
oulder higher than the other! My friend Vaughan thinks
purely to pay his court to him, in hopes of getting into
ll, or rather *into his mistress's*. It may be so; but 'tis
the absurdity was never noticed before.—J. Bell.


shared my
en Power,
hour,
n us rose,
disclose!
atque
uterque!
Mr. Pratt, we
sure his nume-
can wish, and
busied in preparing
with the person
liberty extremum

My humbled neck, awed
Where taste and sense ap
Dear to my heart, and mi

I write not to the modis
Spent in the tranquil shade
Ask no admiring stare fron
No loud "that's HE!" to
sweet:
Pleased to steal softly by, u
I leave the world to Holc
Vaughan.

* PRATT.—This gentleman latel
notable scheme. Having scribbl
notice, he found it expedient to re
a few months—to provoke the inqu
defatigable readers.

Mark the ingratitude of the cr
were made, and Mr. Pratt was fo
crossed the channel. Ibi omnis effu

The mouse that is content with
Can never be a mouse of any so

Baffled in this expedient

'f these enough. Yet (*q*) may the few I love,
r who would sing in vain?) my verse approve;
ef THOU, my friend! who, from my earliest years,
it shared my joys, and more than shared my cares. 300
ure, if our fates hang on some hidden Power,
l take their colour from the natal hour,
m, IRELAND!* the same planet on us rose,
h the strong sympathies our lives disclose!

(*q*)——probat hæc Octavius, optimus atque
'uscus: et hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterque!

ıan the supposed death of the ingenious Mr. Pratt, we
e happy to have it in our power to assure his nume-
ous admirers, that he is as well as they can wish, and
vhat they will be delighted to hear) busied in preparing
s TRAVELS for the press."
Laud we the Gods!"

Here, on account of its connexion with the person
ıtioned in the text, I shall take the liberty—extremum
ıc mihi concede—of inserting the following "Imita-
ı," addressed to him several years since. It was never
ıted: nor, as far as I know, seen by any one but him-
: and I transcribe it for the press with mingled sensa-
ıs of gratitude and delight, at the favourable change of
:umstances which we have BOTH experienced since it
: written.

TO THE

*REV. JOHN IRELAND.**

IMITATION OF HORACE.

LIB. II. ODE 16.

Otium Divos rogat, &c.

When howling winds, and lowering skies,
The light, untimber'd bark surprise,
Near Orkney's boisterous seas;
The trembling crew forget to swear,
And bend the knees unused to prayer,
To ask a little ease.

* Now Prebendary of Westminster.

which Pali could ne'er o
Which Bedford lack'd amidst
And liberal Clive, with mine
Oft bade for—but in vain.

For not the liveried tribes wh
Around the mansions of the
Can keep, my friend, aloof
Fear, that attacks the mind b
And Care that, like a raven,
Around the lordly roof.

"O, well is he" to whom kind
A decent competence has give
Rich in the blessing sent,
He grasps not anxiously at mo
Dreads not to use his little sto
And fattens on content.

"O well is he!" for life is lost
Amidst a whirl of passions tost
Then why, dear Jack, should
Magnanimous Ephemera! stret
His eager views beyond the rea
Of his contracted span!

Why should he from his country
In hopes, beneath a foreign sun,
Serener hours to find?
Was never one in this wild chac
Who changed his nature with his
And left himself behind.

Lo! wing'd with all the lightning
Care climbs the bark, Care mount
An inmate of the breast:
Nor Barca's heart

l shaped rude bows, and uncouth whistles
blew,
l paper kites (a last, great effort) flew;
l when the day was done, retired to rest,
ep on our eyes, and sunshine in our breast.
n riper years, again together thrown, 311
r studies, as our sports before, were one.
gether we explored the stoic page
the Ligurian, stern tho' beardless sage!
traced the Aquinian thro' the Latine road, 315
d trembled at the lashes he bestow'd.
gether too, when Greece unlock'd her stores,
e roved, in thought, o'er Troy's devoted
shores,
follow'd, while he sought his native soil,
That old man eloquent," from toil to toil; 320
ngering, with good Alcinöus, o'er the tale,
ll the east redden'd, and the stars grew pale.

Wolfe rush'd on death in manhood's bloom,
Paulet crept slowly to the tomb;
Here breath, *there* fame was given:
And that wise Power, who weighs our lives,
By *contras*, and by *pros*, contrives,
To keep the balance even.

To *thee*, she gave two piercing eyes,
A body——just of Tydeus' size,
A judgment sound and clear;
A mind with various science fraught,
A liberal soul, a thread-bare coat,
And forty pounds a year.

To *me*, one eye not over good,
Two sides that, to their cost, have stood
A ten years hectic cough;
Aches, stitches, all the numerous ills,
Which swell the devilish doctor's bills,
And sweep poor mortals off.

A coat more bare than thine, a soul
That spurns the crowd's malign control;
A fix'd contempt of wrong;
Spirits above affliction's power,
And skill to charm the lonely hour,
With no inglorious song.

O, IRELAND! if
To trace our lives "
Delight thy ear, the
I care not—at the t
I only seek, in lang
To ope my breast, a
And, boastful of thy
How long we loved

WELL!

Thou too, MY HOP
Should'st praise the
fail'd:

* Since this Edition was
try has been deprived of t
artist, whose hard destiny
difficulties through the int
profession, and to be snatche
when his "greatness was a
of his labours and his gen
His art, by his untimely fa
will not easily be repaired;
very eminent man, and, wh
supported

dolence possess'd me all,
/ inspiring call; 340
fascinating power,
a lov'st, one studious hour.

his own narrow circumstances
ected his attention, almost ex-
ortrait-painting: in a different
of his genius, no less than his
y have led him to landscape,
valks of life; for when he ex-
jects of this nature, he did it
sure to himself, and was always
t it furnishes matter for regret,
ig duties of his principal occu-
nore frequent opportunities of
ursuit of objects so congenial
ition. Of his exquisite taste in
s, which he occasionally intro-
done afford sufficient evidence,
utiful sketches in chalk, with
to amuse his leisure hours.
vigour and felicity peculiar to
owledge and comprehension of
o honour to a Gainsborough.
there appear to have been many
these extraordinary men, not
heir art, but also in their con-
character.
. Hoppner was decidedly supe-
Gainsborough in this depart-
the highest injustice to attempt
s. The distinguishing charac-
tyle is an easy and unaffected
ughout all his works: his na-
d to have given him almost in-
every thing which bordered on
nd enabled him to stamp an air
the most inveterate awkward-
en ever sacrificed to the Graces
er success: at his transforming
y dimpled into smiles; age lost
nes, and swelled on the sight in
l exuberance. This power of
d before him, without annihi-
d him a decided preference to
nong the fairer part of fashion-

and men would malici
he could thereby incr
which he was depicting
plan; he painted his b
appeared, but as they wi
charms were "falling i
pictures were the most
truest of all mirrors. T
him so highly successfu
perhaps afford him equa
sex; in which strength
lead of almost every oth
men were generally, if
civilised and genteel to l
in his constant wish to re
times failed to delineate
however, it must be ackn
works form very splendid
viewed and attentively ex
the Archbishop of York,
Pitt, &c. may rather feel
vailing fashion of the da
produced a misapplicatio
their natural deficiency.

In his portraits of childr
he entered completely into
ranged his compositions of
ease and playful grace, wh
periods of h

Wast thrown too soon on the world's dangerous tide,
To sink or swim, as chance might best decide.—
Me, all to weak too gain the distant land,
The waves had whelm'd, but that an outstretch'd hand 350

tect the delicate process by which the effect is accomplished. In the flesh of his best female portraits, in particular, there is an union of airiness with substance, of lustre with refined softness which has rarely been surpassed, except by that great original Hand, which in the formation of its "last "best work," rendered all chance of rivalship hopeless.

The absorbing quality of his principal pursuit, seldom allowed Mr. Hoppner to turn his attention practically to the more elevated departments of art; yet he had a sincere respect for the noble productions of the Italian schools, and the writer of these pages still remembers with pleasure. the enthusiastic delight which he evinced, upon first entering the Louvre, and viewing the wonders of that magnificent Collection.—Taste in the arts and elegancies of life he possessed in a very uncommon degree. It formed the distinguishing feature of his character, and shone alike conspicuously, whether his talents were exercised upon music or painting, in writing or conversation. His colloquial powers indeed have not often been excelled; for, in his happiest moments, there was a novelty of thought, a playful brilliancy, and a boundless fertility of invention, which affixed to all he uttered the stamp of originality and genius, and delighted every hearer.—Sometimes, indeed, he indulged in a severity of sarcasm, which, to such as are unaccustomed to make allowances for the quick perceptions and irritable feelings of genius, appeared to partake somewhat too much of bitterness and asperity: possibly, when engaged in mixed society, this notion might not be altogether void of foundation; but they who were accustomed to enjoy his company under different circumstances, amid the tranquil scenes of rural retirement, when his mind was free from the little cares and fretting incidents of the world, and his character and feelings were allowed their full scope, will ever remember, with a sensation of mingled sorrow and delight, the fancy, the enthusiasm, and the sentimental tenderness, which, on such occasions, breathed throughout his discourse. His education had been neglected: such, however, was the energy and activity of *his mind*, that this original defect was visible only

Nor lent a friendly arm to hel
Nor ceased the struggle ther
prest,
Her vantage took of thy inge
Where saving wisdom yet ha
And every word, and every t
To darken all thy life——'Ti
bright,
Thro' the disparting gloom, t
sight;
While baffled malice hastes t
And wonders at the worth, sc

to the few who were in habits of th
him. He read much, and with di
ment: the best English authors we
there was scarcly a topic of conv
could not enter with advantage, or
mote from his ordinary pursuits,
not embellish, and his knowledge il

He died on the 23d of January, 1
doubtful disease, at the age of fifty-
progress of his complaint, he did r

I too, whose voice no claims but truth's e'er moved, 365
Who long have seen thy merits, long have loved,
Yet loved in silence, lest the rout should say,
Too-partial friendship tuned th' applausive lay;
Now, now, that all conspire thy name to raise,
May join the shout of unsuspected praise. 370
Go then, since the long struggle now is o'er,
And envy can obstruct thy fame no more,
With ardent hand thy magic toil pursue,
And pour fresh wonders on the raptured view.—
One SUN is set, one GLORIOUS SUN, whose rays, 375
Long gladden'd Britain, with no common blaze:
O, may'st THOU soon (for clouds begin to rise)
Assert his station in the Eastern skies,
Glow with his fires, and give the world to see,
Another REYNOLDS risen, MY FRIEND, in THEE!
But whither roves the Muse? I but design'd,
To note the few whose praise delights my mind;
But friendship's power has drawn the verse astray,
Wide from its aim, a long, but flowery way.
Yet one remains, ONE NAME for ever dear, 385
With whom, conversing many a happy year,
I mark'd with secret joy the opening bloom
Of Virtue, prescient of the fruits to come,
Truth, honour, rectitude——O! while thy breast,
My BELGRAVE! of its every wish possest, 390
Swells with its recent transports, recent fears,
And tenderest titles strike, yet charm thy ears,
Say, wilt thou from thy feelings pause awhile,
To view my humble labours with a smile?

rise)
To the kind suff'rance of the goc
Thus happy—I can leave, with
Fashion's loud praise to Laura a
Who rhyme and rattle, innocent
Nor know that nothing can proc
Thus happy—I can view, unruffi
Twist, into splay-foot doggrel, al
Edwin spin paragraphs with V
skill,
Este, rapt in nonsense, gnaw his g
Merry in dithyrambics rave his v
And Weston, foaming from Pope
"Much-injured Weston," vent ir
And fly to Urban for a short reli

PROCEEDINGS

ON THE

TRIAL OF ROBERT FAULDER,

BOOKSELLER,

(One of FORTY *against whom Actions were brought for selling the Baviad,)*

FOR PUBLISHING

A LIBEL ON JOHN WILLIAMS,

ALIAS

ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

(See Introduction to the Baviad.)

TRIAL, &c.

DECLARATION.

aelmas Term, in the Thirty-eighth Year of, King George the Third.

sex, } JOHN WILLIAMS complains of Ro-
t. } bert Faulder being in the custody
Marshal of the Marshalsea of our Sove-
Lord the now King, before the King him-
f a plea of trespass on the case. For that
EAS the said John NOW IS, AND FROM
IME OF HIS NATIVITY HITHERTO HATH
A PERSON OF UPRIGHT AND MORAL CON-
AND BEHAVIOUR, and as an upright and
person, hath, during all the time afore-
behaved himself; and always until the
ing of the false, scandalous, malicious,
efamatory libels hereafter mentioned to
een published by the said Robert, had
olden and reputed to be a person of good
fame, credit, and unsullied character and
tion amongst all his neighbours, and other
nd worthy subjects of this realm, AND
WAS GUILTY, NOR UNTIL THE TIME OF
UBLISHING OF THE FALSE AND DEFAMA-
ISELS HEREINAFTER MENTIONED, HAD

..., before, and at the time
of the false, scandalous, ma
matory libels hereinafter me
servedly obtained, acquired, a
self, and then enjoyed, the goo
and esteem of all persons any
with him, and of other good an
of this realm.

AND WHEREAS ALSO, the s
before, and at the time of th
the libels hereinafter mentioned
cise, follow, and carry on the p
author, and in the way of such h
had composed and published d
many books, poems, and othe
and had thereby obtained, and a
self, and then enjoyed GREAT
CELEBRITY, ADMIRATION, AND
his said profession of an author,
sitions and publi...

FORTABLE SUPPORT, AND TO THE GREAT INCREASE OF HIS RICHES.

And the said John further saith, long before, and at the time of the publication of the several false, scandalous, and defamatory libels hereinafter mentioned; he, the said John, was generally and publicly known, as well by the name of ANTHONY PASQUIN, as by the name of JOHN WILLIAMS, many of his MOST ADMIRED COMPOSITIONS having been published under the name of Anthony Pasquin.

Yet, nevertheless the said Robert, well knowing all and singular the premises, but GREATLY ENVYING the happy state and condition of the said John, and contriving and maliciously intending to prejudice, degrade, and damnify the said John, not only in his aforesaid good name, credit, character, and reputation, and to bring him into great and public scandal, infamy, and disgrace amongst all his neighbours, and other good and worthy subjects of this realm; and to cause it to be believed and suspected, that the said John was a person of loose, indecent, shameless, profligate, infamous, and immoral manners, conduct, and behaviour, and a traducer, calumniator, and destroyer of the reputations of divers innocent, virtuous, and worthy subjects of this realm, but also to degrade, depreciate, vilify, prejudice, injure, and damnify him, the said John, in the way of his aforesaid PROFESSION of an author, and to bring the compositions and publications of the said John into public disesteem, disregard, and disrepute, and to cause it to be *believed* that the productions of the said

ulnary motives, and ot
damnify him, heretofore,
of November, in the year
sand seven hundred and n
minster aforesaid, in the s
sex, he, the said Robe
wrongfully, unjustly, and n
a certain book entitled,
"MÆVIAD," containing th
things, a false, scandalous,
licious libel of and concern
the way of his said PROFE
in substance, and to the effe
to say,

"Some love the verse that like l
"No rubs to stagger, and no sen
"Which read, and read, you rais
"And wonder gravely what it is
"These fancy Bell's Poetics only
"And intercept his hawkers in th
"There, smoking hot, inhale
"And

"mine, and sufficiently illustrative of the "racter in question:"

TO ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

(Meaning the said John.)

"Why dost thou tack, most simple Anthony,
"(The name of Pasquin to thy ribbald strains?
"Is it a fetch of wit, to let us see,
"Thou, like that statue, art devoid of brains?

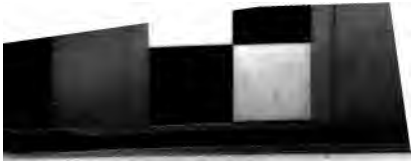
"But thou mistak'st: for know, tho' Pasquin's head
"Be full as hard, and near as thick as thine;
"Yet has the world admiring on it read
"Many a keen gibe, and many a sportive line.

"While nothing from thy jobbernowl can spring
"But impudence and filth; for out, alas!
"Do what we will,—'tis still the same vile thing,
"Within, all brickdust—and without, all brass.

"Then blot the name of Pasquin from thy page:
"Thou seest it will not thy poor riff-raff sell.
"Some other would'st thou take? I dare engage
"John Williams, or Tom Fool, will do as well."

Tony," *(meaning the said John)* "has taken
y friend's advice, and now sells, or attempts
sell his riff-raff" *(meaning the said John's
positions, and also meaning that such compositions
riff-raff)* "under the name of John Williams.
has been represented to me that I should do
l to avoid all mention of this man; *(meaning
said John)* from a consideration, that one so
to every sense of decency and shame, was
er object for the Beadle than the Muse."
*y meaning that the said John was a person
EVERY SENSE OF DECENCY AND SHAME.)*
as induced me to lay aside a second casti-
, which I had prepared for him" (mean-

"One word more.
"so weak as to depre
"JECT's abuse," (*mea*
a miserable object) "a
"vain, as to tolerate h
"praise; for such I h
"the fate of Hasting
"Children of Thes
of the said John's) "
"to the latter; but
"woman, however
"to purchase the v
"for the sake of tra
(*thereby meaning*
creant and a ven
talents for pecunia
cence and virtue) "
"but 'tis not nec
"who employ A



certain other false, scandalous, defamatory, and malicious libel of and concerning the said John, in the way of his said PROFESSION as an author, in substance and to the effect following, that is to say,

"TO ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

(*Meaning the said John.*)

"Why dost thou tack MOST SIMPLE ANTHONY," (*again meaning the said John*) "the name of "Pasquin to thy ribbald strains?" (*thereby meaning that the strains of the said John were low and licentious.*) "Is it a fetch of wit, to let us see, "THOU," (*again meaning the said John*) "like "that statue, art devoid of BRAINS?" (*meaning hat the said John was without brains, like a statue.*) But thou" (*again meaning the said John*) "mistak'st: for know, though Pasquin's head Be full as hard, and neat as THICK, as thine;" *eaning the head of the said John*) "Yet has the world admiring on it read, Many a keen gibe, nd many a sportive line: While nothing from ıy JOBBERNOWL" (*again meaning the head of aid John*) "can spring, But impudence and h; for out, alas! Do what we will, 'tis still ı same vile thing, Within, all brickdust, and hout, all brass." (*Meaning that the said John ickdust for brains.*)

hen blot the name of Pasquin from thy :" (*meaning the page of the said John*) ı seest it will not thy poor RIFF-RAFF" ıg *the compositions and publications of the* hn) "sell. Some other" (*meaning some ne than that of Pasquin*) "would'st thou"

... also that his publication
significant nature, and on that accou
the public.)

And the said John further saith,
Robert further contriving and inte
and damnify the said John as af
ward, to wit, on the day and year
Westminster aforesaid, in the cou
falsely, wickedly, wrongfully, unjus
ciously, published a certain other
dalous, defamatory, and malicious
concerning the said John, in subs
the effect following, that is to say,
"gate cowards who employ Anthon
the said John) "can know no severer
"than the support of a man" (*mean*
John) "WHOSE ACQUAINTANCE IS I
"WHOSE TOUCH IS POISON." (*There*
that the character of the said John was
and depraved, that it ...

:ONGST ALL HIS NEIGHBOURS, AND OTHER
OD AND WORTHY SUBJECTS OF THIS REALM,
omuch that divers of those neighbours and sub-
:ts have, on occasion of the publication of the
d several false, scandalous, and defamatory
els, SO VEHEMENTLY SUSPECTED THE SAID
HN TO HAVE BEEN, AND TO BE, A PERSON OF
MORAL AND INFAMOUS CHARACTER, that they
ve, on that account, REFUSED, AND STILL DO
.ILY MORE AND MORE REFUSE, TO HAVE ANY
MMERCE, CONNECTION, ACQUAINTANCE, OR
SCOURSE WITH HIM, as before they were used
d accustomed to do, and would still have done,
d not those false, scandalous, and defamatory
ıels been so published as aforesaid; and also by
ason and means of the premises aforesaid, he,
e said John, was, hath been, and is greatly in-
:ed and damnified, as well in the way of his
id PROFESSION of an author, as otherwise, to
.t, at Westminster aforesaid, in the county afore-
id, to the damage of the said John, of ONET HOU-
ND POUNDS, and therefore he brings his suit.

COUNSEL FOR JOHN WILLIAMS:
ıe Hon. THOMAS ERSKINE and Mr. WIGLEY.
Attorney, Mr. GROVE.

COUNSEL FOR Mr. FAULDER:
Mr. GARROW and Mr. LAWES.
Attorney, Mr. ALLEN.

Mr. *Erskine*. May it please your Lordship. Gentlemen of the Jury, I am of counsel for e Plaintiff, who has brought this action against e *Defendant*, Mr. Faulder, an eminent and

against the [illegible]
ble in damages for the i
from it.

Gentlemen, I use thes
cally, for whatever co
arisen upon a question w
best and wisest establish
not discuss at present (I
liberty of the press), I be
and among all judges t
opinion upon the Rule
his Lordship's direction,
day in an action for civil

The Plaintiff says this
What is a Libel upon an
ever yet, I believe, mad
versy. It is that whic
his trade, or in his office
juring him in either, ex
disgrace among mankin

plain that his character is in any particular respect injured, if it be true that his character is as has been represented.

Gentlemen, this is a wise and salutary distinction, because it makes a man feel the value of character; it makes him know that his reputation is undoubtedly the greatest of blessings, yet people cannot complain of any attack made upon their reputation, if they have made that reputation vulnerable by their own acts.

I have just observed to you that the Defendant in an action may justify: but then it must not be a *general* justification; it must be a precise and *particular* one—that the Libel is true; and if it is so, the Plaintiff cannot complain. In the present case, the Defendant has put no justification upon the record, consequently there can only be given in evidence, circumstances in mitigation of damages.

Gentlemen, the action is brought for this book which is stiled "The BAVIAD and MÆVIAD." It is an imitation of Persius, and is dedicated to John Hoppner, Esq. an artist of great eminence, and a truly respectable and honourable man.

It is no disrespect to the author of this book to say, that I never read any part of it but such as I have had occasion to cast my eye over in the course of the proceedings in this cause: as to the general merits of the poem, therefore, I can say nothing. On a cursory perusal, it appeared to me that many of the lines were written with great spirit and genius; but that, you will please to recollect, makes the Libel more severe against the Plaintiff; for in proportion as the book is written

wnether he will be altogetl
whether he will mix himse
public. Every man has
will be silent, and preserv
or whether he thinks them
as to justify his communicati
When a man chooses the
public a jurisdiction to exe
and must not pretend to be
the liberty (without which t
dom of the press) to critici
You cannot confine criticism
ideas, for men will write, anc
the bounds which common
there can then be no action
this action brought on that ac

This Plaintiff is known
'Anthony Pasquin" as well a
"Williams."

If any one gives a

rate from his works;—of an attack upon his character, and of *infamy* in the abstract.

I will read the passage to you: it is in the BAVIAD, (p. 28.) The text is,

"There, smoking hot, inhale MIT YENDA's strains,
"And the rank fume of TONY PASQUIN's brains.

On the words TONY PASQUIN is the following note:

"I have too much respect for my reader to "affront him with any specimens of this man's "poetry, at once licentious and dull beyond ex-"ample:"

That is no Libel. To say a man is a bad poet, is no Libel; every man has a right to say and write what he pleases on a mere matter of speculation like this.—He goes on,

"At the same time I cannot resist the tempta-"tion of presenting him with the following stanzas, "written by a friend of mine, and sufficiently il-"lustrative of the character in question:"

Then the verses supposed to be written by the friend follow——

"Then blot the name of PASQUIN from thy page:
"Thou seest it will not thy poor RIFF-RAFF sell.
"Some other would'st thou take? I dare engage
"JOHN WILLIAMS, or TOM FOOL, will do as well."

Gentlemen, I have read this passage in order to shew you for whom the following note is written, and to whom it applies.

"Tony has taken my friend's advice, and now "sells, or attempts to sell, his 'riff-raff,' under "the name of John Williams."

"It has been represented to me, that I should "*do well*"——

or decency and shan
"the Beadle than the
"me to lay aside a se
"had prepared for him
"expedient to omit wha

"HERE on the rack
"Fit garbage for the

"One word more."—
One would think there
word more.—"I am told
"as to deprecate this m
"and so vain, so despical
"his praise—for such, I
"—though the fate of Ha
"'BASKET TO THE CHILDR
"out a dreadful lesson to
"there be a man or a wom
"rank, base enough to pu
"of this MISCR

ints the application! Certainly there is nothing hich shocks humanity so much as the idea of rchasing the "venal pen" of a "MISCREANT" r the "sake of traducing innocence and virtue." there be one consideration more than another, at fills the mind with horror, it is such a thing s that of employing the "venal pen" against innocence and virtue;" and the Libel is the application of this to the Plaintiff.

Gentlemen, I am not instructed (if I were, ineed, I should not follow it in an action against particular bookseller) to make any remarks not nmediately relative to the cause in question. ut there is one thing I cannot help borrowing om the author himself: it is a sentiment in hich I agree with him, which appears to me to e admirably composed, and convinces me of the dea that he himself had, of what infinite value eputation is, not only to an individual, but to e public. He says, in the Introduction to his oem,

"A short time before the period we speak of, a knot of fantastic coxcombs had set up a daily paper, called '*The World*.' It was perfectly unintelligible, and therefore much read: it was equally lavish of praise and abuse (praise of what appeared in its own columns, and abuse of every thing that appeared elsewhere); and as its Conductors were at once ignorant and conceited, they took upon them to direct the taste of the town."

The part I meant to allude to, is in a note on his paragraph. You will please to take notice, Gentlemen, that my remark does not apply to

— of those unqualified
" on all private character,
" smiled at for their quaint
" their absurdity; and no
" equally wicked, and m
" ventured to imitate it,—w
" the latest hour of British

What papers this gentlem
not; nor, whether they were
or by any other person; but
I have said, is an admirable
is nothing so truly dangerou
that most invaluable blessing
press, as that rage for private
graces the age, in which I m
once the honour, and misfortu

Gentlemen, when we look ro
duly consider the important p
live, and the awful changes tha
upon the face of the earth: e

g an insensibility to one another.—If we cannot ree, let us at least, endeavour to correct one other's errors with decency. If men will write m their passions, they should be told that unaited abuse ought not to be permitted; nay, at it never is permitted, in any civilized country. hy should men tear one another to pieces like e beasts that perish?

I see my learned friend has in his hand, and annot help taking notice of it, books imputed my client. I told you I never read any of e productions of the author of the BAVIAD, whom therefore, I can say nothing;—on the er hand, I have never read any of the works of r client. I have enough of manuscript to read; d my eyes are obliged to borrow the glass I ld in my hand, in consequence of those readgs. But standing here as Counsel for the aintiff, I must be answerable for the good or il which he has done. I have directed the oks to be brought to me, in order that, if my rned friend is disposed to give in evidence y of those books, I may have an opportunity seeing the application that is made of them, d of offering such remarks as I may hereafter em necessary.

One word more, and I shall have finished. *If re can be found attacks upon any man, or body men whatever, in these books, of a nature like se which the Plaintiff complains of, I shall be y for it upon his account; for that which I com- m in others, I must condemn in him also.* There st be a certain quality in things. What *A* e *done* must have the same quality when B

may sit down, as a
to comment upon any boo
may expose its indecency, if
it, and chastise the author f
it upon the record when t
complain of it, but he cannot
set up a justification, by or
the Plaintiff which are censu
ever, does not apply to the juri

Gentlemen, having finished
myself, and said what I am
nobody will differ from me i
the liberty to state to you wh
to me the day before yesterday

He said, "I am not accusto
"nor capable of delivering the
"which I am impressed; you
"stand in my place. If I wer
"trust which I repose in you,
"Jury would be very
"

he end of time." He said, "this is grievous, nd entitles me to apply to the laws of my ountry—I am not a rich man. Ill health one an bear up against, one can struggle against he adversities which fill the page of human ife, one can survive the loss of fortune, and the oss of friendship itself, the blessing of mankind; but a wounded spirit who can bear?"—I have now discharged my duty, and have ited as a professional man that which occurs me to be my duty to state; I have followed e instructions of my client. I will prove the blication of this book, and you will give that tention to the sequel of the cause which it may mand: I shall perhaps trouble you, by the les of the court, with a reply; the OBJECT of e Plaintiff undoubtedly is to put his hand DEEP to the pocket of the bookseller; and you, I ubt not, will give that verdict, under all the rcumstances of the case, which will sufficiently ndicate the Plaintiff in this action.

EVIDENCE FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

hn Somerfield sworn: examined by Mr. *Wigley*.

Q. Look at that book. Did you purchase it any time, and where?

A. I purchased it at the shop of Mr. Faulder, ookseller, in Bond-street, the first of November the present year.

Cross-examined by Mr. *Garrow*.

Q. What are you by profession?

*A. An histo*rical engraver.

Do you know whether h
any name besides that of Jol

A. Yes; under that of An

Q. Have you read any pa
bought?

A. Yes; I have read the p
Mr. Williams.

Mr. *Garrow.* Mr. Williams
ADMIRED WORKS, has he not?

A. Yes, I believe he has.

Mr. *Erskine.* Do you say th
knowledge?

A. Yes.

Mr. *Garrow.* I have no objec
Mr. Williams may have told
think you say, written MANY A

A. Yes; I have seen several

Q. Do you recollect his sayi
works, that "he had written
"any other

Q. It is a POPULAR book, is it not; and well written?

A. I cannot tell; Mr. Williams gave me the book.

Q. It is one of the latest efforts of his Muse, I think?

A. Yes, I believe it is.

Q. One of his most matured and elaborate efforts?—Another ADMIRED WORK of his is "A LIBERAL CRITIQUE ON THE EXHIBITION OF THE "ROYAL ACADEMY." He made you a present of that also, did he not?

A. No.

Q. Cast your eye upon that book; (*handing the witness the* "LIBERAL CRITIQUE ON THE EX- "HIBITION") look at it.

A. I believe this is one of his works.

Q. "AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE ART- 'ISTS OF IRELAND" is, I believe, another of his DMIRED WORKS?

A. Yes, it is.

Q. A most excellent performance!—"AN 'THENTIC HISTORY OF THE ARTISTS OF IRE- ND"—"PASQUIN ON THE FINE ARTS!"— h a frontispiece elegantly engraved, of your nd. I rejoice in having an opportunity to v you so fine a resemblance of him.—Is it him?

. People often differ in their opinion of esses; but I think it is like him.

If nature ever wrote a character in any enance that must be like him!—

is the author also of another most excel- nd MUCH ADMIRED WORK, "THE NEW

shall certainly read one
luckily referred to in the
now and then overshoots
besides, a curious speci
bours of this gentleman.

Q. He is an author by

A. Yes, he is.

Q. I think I have col
ADMIRED WORKS, that h
nothing of his greater la
his name to future ages)
a certain degree of freed
perishable efforts in the
doubtedly know THAT o

A. Yes, I believe he

Q. You must also re
of his WORKS, that "he
"two newspapers, the (
"being suspected of sa
"the proprietors, to his

among the rest the "PIN-BASKET TO THE CHILDREN OF THESPIS;" that this abominable Libeller, the Defendant, has published a Libel concerning this author, on his work entitled the "PIN-BASKET TO THE CHILDREN OF THESPIS," which Libel refers to a passage in that work.

Court. Does it state so?

Mr. *Garrow.* It does, distinctly.

Mr. *Erskine.* Your Lordship will find there is a count which has no connexion with that.

Mr. *Lawes.* That is only an inuendo.

Mr. *Garrow.* There is another ground upon which I am entitled to have this work read. The first count says this, "I am told there are "men so weak as to deprecate this miserable "object's abuse, and so vain, so despicably vain, "as to tolerate his praise;" (*meaning the said John's praise*) "for such I have nothing but pity— "though the fate of Hastings, (see the 'Pin- "'basket to the Children of Thespis.'")——

Court. "THE PIN-BASKET," then, you infer to be one of the works of John Williams?

Mr. *Garrow.* Undoubtedly, my Lord; it is given in evidence by his own witness. "Though "the fate of Hastings, see the"——

Mr. *Erskine.* You need not proceed with your quotation; we must, I think, allow the work: on that count, therefore, I wish to relieve your Lordship from any farther consideration.

Mr. *Garrow.* What count then do you go upon? Let us see what it is?

Mr. *Erskine.* The last count. To injure and damage the Plaintiff by saying "*that the profli-* "*gate cowards who employ* Anthony, can know no

Mr. *Erskine*. It i

Mr. *Lawes*. Doe
upon the ground of
it is incumbent upo
he has published w
thony Pasquin?—b
of evidence. It is
appellations, "he h
"by the name of A
"by that of JOHN
Declaration: now t
is the works themse

Court. True; it is

Mr. *Garrow*. I mu

Court. He must c
lished works under t
quin.

Mr. *Garrow*. (G
Do you know any th

A. Yes, I have re

, that is the page in my copy—and if, by acci-
ıt, you should meet with any passages that
: too impious, or too indecent to be read in a
urt of Justice, clap your thumb over them, and
it them entirely.

Mr. *Lowton*. This is not the book.

Mr. *Garrow*. It is "A LIBERAL CRITIQUE
PON THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACA-
EMY."

Mr. *Lowton*. This is number *one*.

Mr. *Garrow*. Give us number *two*, Mr. Grove.
(*To Mr. Grove, John Williams's Attorney.*)

Mr. *Grove*. I have not got it.

Mr. *Garrow*. You are right, Mr. Grove; you
re taken care, I see of number *two*: we must
n try what can be made of number *one*. You
l find it, I fancy, Mr. Lowton, towards the
l of the volume you have in your hand.
(*Here Mr. Lowton read several passages.*)

Mr. *Wigley*. (*To Somerfield.*) Now look at
t book, called "SHROVE TUESDAY;" do you
ow the author of it?

A. Mr. Williams, I believe, is the author.

Q. Is that a whole work, or part of one?

A. I see other pieces are bound up with it.

Q. Are those "other pieces" by Mr. Williams?

A. Yes.

Mr. *Garrow*. May it please your Lordship—
ntlemen of the Jury, I stand here under the
ainder of the Defendant Mr. Faulder, who is
: of forty Booksellers against whom the pre-
t Plaintiff has thought fit to bring actions to
over damages from them, for the injury done
is reputation, principally to his reputation,

the subject is such, that no n
suspected of having committ
the *foulest* crimes that are to b
catalogue of guilt, can be c
being heard;—in which no
have been his character from his
be deprived of the right of c
vindicate his own fame, and to
those injuries which he concei
sustained.

HAPPY COUNTRY! in which
description, coming to seek redr
may command the able assistan
friend; who, though engaged in
for *such a man*, has not only con
all the disgrace attached to the bu
himself, but by his conduct in it
possible, new honour to his profes

HAPPY COUNTRY! in which an
be brought fo

ılder was committed to my care. For the per-
nance of this duty Anthony Pasquin may be
nded with me; but I care nothing for his dis-
asure—I am not one of those described in the
posed Libel, who are "weak enough to depre-
ate this miserable object's abuse." I give him
leave, if he does not think me too insignificant,
publish a book, and to libel me as soon as he
ases. I know for one, that Libels are no very
adful things; if a man will but take care of
own honour, it signifies nothing though he be
alled from the beginning of January to the end
December. Gentlemen, I say this experimen-
ly; for during the first eight months of my
fession, during the scrutiny of the Westminster
ction, I was libelled daily, by a person who
d by poison at the bar of a court of justice, in
land, under a prosecution for high treason; I
ak of the Reverend Mr. Jackson—peace to his
ıes! so I quarrel not with libellers.
Mr. Williams has a right to say, if he pleases,
am not accustomed to public life, or capable
f delivering the sentiments with which I am
mpressed, in a court of law, and you, Mr.
Erskine, are to do it for me; but if I were to
tate my case, I should say, Gentlemen, first
xamine whether the Defendant has sold this
ook, and whether it applies to me; if it does,
t has been read by many who must detest me;
his is grievous, and I must apply to the laws
or redress; poverty a man can bear—sickness
a man can bear, it is the visitation of heaven—
but a wounded spirit, or the loss of reputation,
who can bear?" I am glad to find such senti-

to vindicate his ho

Gentlemen, Mr.
advocate in me.
right to say "I am
"rate all the estat
"and religious, I
"think it of the la
"vindicated wher
"my money I can
"thing; if you de
"survive that; bu
"I am undone." I
"admirer of the *fi*
"the *fine arts*." I
"virtue, but I love
therefore you will
which I shall read
run the career of
innocence. He
impeachment of th

m to the
r interests. Mr. Williams
to state all this merit, and it is
to deprive him of it. What has
Libeller," the author of the Ba-
n?—why,—and most impudently
—I caution all mankind to have
with Mr. Williams—if they have,
at the "fate of Mr. Hastings."
the fate of Mr. Hastings? Gentle-
tell you;—not in any lan-
as Mr.

...ough the greatest c
" age is to *think*, I will not
" exposure of hypocrisy or
" an envenomed host have r
" *organize my murder*, it has
" zeal—I WAS EDUCATED T
" DESPISE CUNNING." Gra
a barbarous idea to wound t
man as this!

" I shall now proceed," h
" velope a series of trans
" with sorrow; I allude t
" whose real character I mo
" stood."——Mr. Hastings's
pretend to know; but from
Mr. Williams is pleased to
would imagine he could not
neither do I know how he firs
of his "protection;" but I ta
that the *protection* of such a

sition
ise of WARREN HASTINGS
ts of the proprietors. I in-
in MY BEST and MOST PO-
I have argued in his behalf in
iety, until my vehemence begot
ner than yield to the idea that
ster his *enemies* had depicted, I
acquaintance of some valuable
here is a sacrifice!—"who were
riends to Mr. BURKE and MY
their fate must ex-

...ot, may, I could not, rea
there are some passages
the Prince of Wales, but
sort and the innocent bab
consideration would induc
of justice. If it should be
you to take the book that
court and read it; and this
here to justify his CHARAC
mon traducer, the general
to put your hand *deep* int
Faulder, and vindicate his
Gentlemen, I feel it is an
this cause;—I hope to God
putting to shame a NEST
PERS, who go about through
contributions on the timid, a
character in the community
man says, he has made his
Hastings FOR ...

it with an almost filial respect and affection
ribute due from every man to the sublimity
genius.) This man, I say, this Pasquin,
e "efforts," if you will take his own words
t (which none of you will) procured Mr.
ings to be acquitted; tells you, that after
usiness was over, he applied to him FOR
Y. Certainly the labourer is worthy of his
and after toiling for Mr. Hastings almost
ng a period as that of the Trojan war, he
right to expect some little return—But no:
gentleman, who, probably, knew as little of
efforts" as of the prodigious advantages de-
from them, absolutely refused to give him
hing! Mr. Hastings was neither to be bul-
or cajoled into putting "foive paunds into
rtain pleace;" and it was then, that a sud-
ray of light darted into the mind of Mr.
ams, and shewed him Mr. Hastings's "real
racter, which he had to that hour most
ily misunderstood!!!"
u shall now hear how he addresses his
ourable friend" in the "fair language" of
uous indignation:"
What punishment does that individual merit,
o destroys the basis of human confidence?"
at is, I have been doing all this for you, and
you will not give me a stipend! O wretched
I think that for this you ought to suffer
ner impeachment.—"When," continues he,
were howling like a savage stricken by
hunters in the wilderness, I came to your
, and you fondly licked my hand; but the
m was scarcely administered before the

Anthony! he wen
mountain would n
think with the auth
be bold to add, wit
his " acquaintance
" poison." But to
—" Could you ima
" at your door as a
" in the plenitude
" ter, that I would
" mand? If you
" egregious." (M
much more correct
not found so seve
" suppose it was i
" elbowed at you
" your nabobs, y
" What could en
" was so far sunk

ever been problematical, and by a course ductile feeling you may be enabled to for the kindnesses of an upright friend, in the u qualified caresses of a *sultana*, or the convers tion of your pert *commis*."——

[*Here Mr. Garrow, perceiving marks of grea impatience in the Jury, laid aside his quotations.*]

I see by your countenances, Gentlemen, tha is unnecessary to proceed any farther with this an's infamous and abominable productions. I ill not, therefore, harass your feelings; let em rest for the present.—But I will appeal to our sense of propriety,—to that of all who hear e, and ask whether this common libeller, this le traducer of honour and integrity, this hireling aster of youth and innocence, should be suffered come into this court and ask satisfaction for ng described under the character which he has untarily and ostentatiously assumed? Should who has been proved before you to be the or of works, of which every line is a ca- ay, sue for your protection, under the pretence he has been calumniated? Shall he say to Gentlemen—I have been from my youth up ng a scandalous subsistence by villifying my eign, insulting his august family, belying nisters, traducing his courts of justice, and ring his subjects from the highest to the ; give me, therefore, ample damages, be- this dirty occupation is not sufficiently le?

he say, I have violated the ear of in my writings, I have ridiculed the

"duty to consider wl
"works as they had h
"had a right to call fo
"With what face,"
"can this fellow find f
"of the Defendant, wh
"passage here libelled a
"as Anthony Pasquin,
"prefixed to writings of t
"ture. It appears to m
"the Baviad has acted a
"in exposing this man; an
"wish and hope that some
"be fallen upon, to prevent a
"and mercenary wretches fr
"bridled in society, to the gr
"disquietude of the public."

The Jury, without a moment's
the Plaintiff.

EPISTLE

TO

PETER PINDAR.

EPISTLE

TO

PETER PINDAR.

'HILE many a NOBLE NAME to virtue dear,
)elights the public eye, the public ear,
ınd fills thy canker'd breast with such annoy,
ıs Satan felt* from innocence and joy;
Vhy, Peter, leave the hated object free, 5
ınd vent, poor driveller, all thy spite on me?

While pure Religion's beam, bane to thy sight,
)'er many a mitre sheds distinguish'd light,
ınd Prelates, in the path their SAVIOUR trod,
n trembling hope, "walk humbly with their
God;" 10
Vhy, Peter, leave the hated objects free,
ınd vent, poor driveller, all thy spite on me?

While, with a radiance yet to courts unknown,
:alm, steady dignity surrounds the throne,
ınd the tried worth, the virtues of thy King, 15
)eep in thy soul infix the mortal sting;
Vhy, Peter, leave the hated object free,
ınd vent, poor driveller, all thy spite on me?

Alas! scarce enter'd on the rolls of fame,
ınd but to ONE LOVED CIRCLE known by name,

* ——— aside the Devil turned
For envy, yet with jealous leer maligna
Ey'd them askance.———Milton.

Purchase one draught
Seduce one brothel to
Nor lure one hobbling

False fugitive! bac
Troll the lascivious sc
Truck praise for lust,
Strip modest merit of
Blow from thy milde
And blight the goodn
'Tis well. But why or
Of thy rank slanders,
Pronounced thy nam
dread,
And pour'd its whole
I spoke not:—ne'er
Profane, thank Heav
of mine.
True; when I heard
A shivering horror c
A damp cold chill

ppy dotard, see! thy hairs are gray— 51
lists thy waning strength display;
thy trembling hands in coward gore,
v down West's and Copley's by the score;
ch not me,—or, to thy peril know, 55
o easy conquest to the foe:
ıen, all filth, all venom as thou art,
thy eye, and rancour in thy heart,
ith thy boasted arms, spite, malice, lies,
:andal, execrations, blasphemies; 60
them all. Lo, here I fix my stand,
re the utmost of thy tongue and hand;
:d each threat to baffle, or to spurn,
ow, with tenfold vigour, to return.— 64

WHAT IS HE, that with a Mohawk's air,
havock, and lets slip the dogs of war?"
ed mass, a gross, blood-bolter'd clod,
› man, a renegade from God,
ɔxious childhood to pernicious age,
e to infamy, in every stage. 70

WALL remembers yet his first employ,
ıddering tells, with what infernal joy,
le tongue in blasphemies was loos'd,
le hands in deeds of horror us'd;
ıangled insects strew'd his cradle o'er, 75
ıbs of birds distain'd his bib with gore.

, on stronger animals he flew,
h his growth his savage passions grew;
, what time his violence fail'd to kill,
'd the insidious dose with wicked skill; 80

ıot the reader who shudders at this, therefore dis-
. Almost the first accounts which I remember to
of this man (and they were from one who knew

... ear'd, where non
blow,
And each man eyed his
Till dragg'd to day, the
Th' accursed cause of m
And begg'd for mercy in
So wept, so trembled, th
Who, crawling at their fe
Too mean for punishment,
O'erlook'd ('twas all the
crimes,
And shipp'd him off "to ape

THERE, while the negroes
disgust,
This prodigy of drunkenness
Explore the darkest cells, the
And roll in filth at which thei
He play'd one master-trick to
And took, O Heavens! the sa
How shook the

Then rose the people, passive now no more,
And from his limbs the sacred vestments tore;
Dragg'd him with groans, shouts, hisses, to the main,
And sent him—to annoy these realms again. 110

CORNWALL, that fondly deem'd herself reliev'd,
Ill-fated land! once more the pest received;
But, wary and forwarn'd, observ'd his course,
And track'd each libel to its proper source;
'Till indignation, wide and wider spread, 115
Burst in one dreadful tempest on his head.

Then hasty flight ensued!—'TWERE long to trace
His mazes, as he slunk from place to place;
To count, whene'er unearth'd, what pumps he bore, 119
What horse-ponds, till the country he forswore,
And, chased by public vengeance up and down,
(Hopeless of shelter,) fled at length to Town;
Compell'd in crowds to hide his hated head,
And spunge on dirty whores for dirty bread.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * *

LO, HERE THE REPTILE! who from some dark cell,
Where all his veins with native poison swell,
Crawls forth, a slimy toad, and spits, and spues,
The crude abortions of his loathsome muse, 130
On all that Genius, all that Worth holds dear,
Unsullied rank, and piety sincere;

squeals out (with oaths and blas
The impious song, the tale, the
And careless views, amidst the
His few grey hairs strew, one by o

LO, HERE THE WRINKLED PR
stands
On nature's verge, and from his l
Shakes tainted verse; who bids u
Of rancorous falsehoods, pander t
Give him to live the future as the
And in pollution wallow to the la

Enough!—Yet, Peter! mark my
See! thy last sands are fleeting fa
And, what should more thy sluggi
Thy limbs shrink up!—THE WRIT
WALL!—
O check, a moment check, the obs
Of guilty joy, and hear the voice v
The small, still voice of

E BLOW arrive; and thou, reduced by fate,
change thy frenzy for despair too late,
se thy dim eyes a moment in the tomb,
wake for ever in THE WORLD TO COME,
ke to meet HIM whose "Ord'nance thou
hast slaved,"* 165
ose Mercy slighted, and whose Justice braved!

'or ME—why should'st thou with abortive toil,
ste the poor remnant of thy sputtering oil,
filth and falsehood? Ignorant and absurd! 169
se from thy pains, and take my closing word;
u canst not think, nor have I power to tell,
w much I SCORN and LOATH thee—so, fare-
well!

* ——— the lust dieted man
That *slaves* thy *ord'nance*, &c.—*King Lear.*

END OF EPISTLE TO PETER PINDAR.

BYRON'S

ENGLISH BARDS

AND

SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

A SATIRE.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew;
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
Shakspeare.

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.—*Pope.*

PREFACE

TO

THE THIRD EDITION.

All my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be 'turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain,' I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say, that I have attacked *none personally* who did not commence on the offensive. An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them: I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, *if possible*, to make others write better.

As the Poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this edition to make some additions and alterations to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the first edition of this Satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles' Pope were written and inserted at the request of an ingenious friend of mine, who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being, that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner, a determination not to publish with my name any produc-

out consideration. But the u
of considerable genius by sev
censured, renders their menta
regretted. Imbecility may l
laughed at and forgotten; pe
the most decided reprehension.
than the author, that some kno
undertaken their exposure; b
voted himself to Massinger, and
regular physician, a country pra
of absolute necessity, be allowed
trum to prevent the extension o
demic, provided there be no quac
of the malady. A caustic is her
feared nothing short of actual ca
numerous patients afflicted with
and distressing *rabies* for rhymi
burgh Reviewers, it would, indee
to crush the Hydra; but if th
merely 'bruising one of the he
though his own hand should su
he will be amply satisfied.

ENGLISH BARDS,

AND

SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

STILL must I hear?—shall hoarse *Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch Reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my Muse?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong;
Fools are my theme, let Satire be my song.
  Oh! Nature's noblest gift—my gray goose-quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men! 10
The pen! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,
The lover's solace, and the author's pride.
What wits, what poets dost thou daily raise!
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!
Once laid aside, but now assumed again, 20

* IMITATION.

'Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?'—*Juvenal*, Sat. i.

Mr. Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett the 'Small-Beer Poet,' inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the 'Literary-Fund;' not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.

[illegible] ---mpiant, holds her so
sway,
And men, through life her willing slaves
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime
Unfolds her motley store to suit the time,
When knaves and fools combined, o'er all
When Justice halts, and right begins to f
Even then the boldest start from public sn
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by Satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from
Such is the force of wit! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song:
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
Still there are follies ev'n for me to chase,
And yield at least amusement in the race:
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game:
Speed Pegasus!—ye strains of great and s
Ode! Epic! Elegy!—have at you all!
I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time
I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,
A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or bla
I printed—older chil[illegible]

No matter, George continues still to write,*
Though now the name is veil'd from public sight.
Moved by the great example, I pursue
The self-same road, but make my own review: 6
Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet like him will be
Self-constituted judge of poësy.
A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure,—critics all are ready-made.
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet: 70
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit,
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.
And shall we own such judgment? no—as soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore; 80
Or yield one single thought to be misled
By Jeffrey's heart, or Lamb's Boeotian head.†
To these young tyrants,‡ by themselves misplaced,
[illegible]mbined usurpers on the throne of taste;
[illegible] these when authors bend in humble awe,
[illegible]d hail their voice as truth, their word as law;
[illegible]hile these are censors, 'twould be sin to spare;
[illegible]ile such are critics, why should I forbear?
[illegible] yet so near all modern worthies run,
[illegible] doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun; 90
[illegible] know we when to spare, or where to strike,
[illegible] bards and censors are so much alike.

* In the *Edinburgh Review*.
[illegible]sors. Jeffrey and Lamb are the alpha and omega, the first [illegible]t of the Edinburgh Review: the others are mentioned [illegible]er.
[illegible]lita est Clementia, cum tot ubique
[illegible]—*occurras perituræ parcere chartæ.*—Juvenal, Sat. i.

No fabled graces, flourish'd
From the same fount their i
And, reared by taste, bloome
Then, in this happy isle a Pc
Sought the rapt soul to char
A polish'd nation's praise as
And raised the people's, as t
Like him, great Dryden pour
In stream less smooth, indee
Then Congreve's scenes cou
melt,
For Nature, then, an English
But why these names, or grea
When all to feebler bards resi
Yet to such times our lingerin
When taste and reason with t
Now look around, and turn ea
Survey the precious works tha
This truth, at least, let Satire's
No dearth of bards can be com
The loaded press beneath her l
And printers' devils shake thei
While Southey's epics cram th
And Little's lyrics shine in hot

Erects a shrine and idol of its own:
Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,
From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott.*
Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice eager, pass in long review;
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race;
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;
And tales of terror jostle on the road;
Immeasurable measures move along,
For simpering Folly loves a varied song,
To strange mysterious Dulness still the friend,
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend,
Thus lays of minstrels†—may they be the last!—

Despatch a courier t
And fight with hones
Next view in stat
The golden-crested h
Now forging scrolls,
Not quite a felon, ye
The gibbet or the fie
A mighty mixture o
And think'st thou,
perchance,
On public taste to fo
Though Murray, wi
To yield thy muse j
No! when the sons
Their bays are sear,
Let such forego the
Who rack their bra
Low may they sink
And scorn remuner
Such be their meed
Of prostituted Mus
For this we spurn
And bid a long goo

by no means sparing,
and the entrance of a

When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,
An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hailed the magic name;
The work of each immortal bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years.*
Empires have mouldered from the face of earth,
Tongues have expired with those who gave them bir
Without the glory such a strain can give,
As even in ruin bids the language live.
Not so with us, though minor bards, content
On one great work a life of labour spent.
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise!

More old than Mandeville's,
Oh! Southey, Southey!* ce
A bard may chant too often :
As thou art strong in verse, i
A fourth, alas! were more ti
But if, in spite of all the wo
Thou still wilt verseward pl
If still in Berkley ballads m
Thou wilt devote old women
The babe unborn thy dread ;
'God help thee,' Southey, a:
Next comes the dull disci
That mild apostate from poe
The simple Wordsworth, fr
As soft as evening in his fa
Who warns his friend 'to
trouble,
And quit his books, for fear
Who, both by precept and
That prose is verse, and ver

* We beg Mr. Southey's par
graded title of epic.' See his pr
and by whom! Certainly, the l
Laureat Pye, Ogilvy, Hole, an

The idiot mother of 'an idiot boy,'
A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day;*
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the 'idiot in his glory,'
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.
Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode, and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
If inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,†
Yet now in lofty numbers can [illegible]

And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.
Who, in soft guise, surrounded by a
Of virgins melting—not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by pa
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listeni
'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral in his lay!
Grieved to condemn, the Muse must sti
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust,
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar
From grosser incense with disgust she
Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee, 'mend thy line and sin
For thee, translator of the tinsel song
To whom such glittering ornaments be
Hibernian Strangford! with thine eye
And hoarded locks of red, or auburn hu
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick l
And o'er harmonious fustian half expir
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine anti
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretem
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a highe
By dressing Camoens in a suit of lace?
Mend, Strangford! mend thy morals as

His style in youth or age is still the same;
For ever feeble and for ever tame.
Triumphant first see 'Temper's Triumphs' shine:
At least, I'm sure they triumph'd over mine.
Of 'Music's Triumphs' all who read may swear
That luckless music never triumphed there.*
  Moravians, rise! bestow some meet reward
On dull devotion—lo! the sabbath bard,
Sepulchral Grahame, pours his notes sublime,
In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme,
Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch:
And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.† 320
  Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shews, dissolved in thine own melting tears,
The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers.
And art thou not their prince, harmonious Bowles!
Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,
Or consolation in a yellow leaf;
Whether thy Muse mest lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,‡ 330
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend
In every chime that jingled from Ostend?
Ah! how much juster were thy Muse's hap,
If to thy bells thou would'st but add a cap!
Delightful Bowles! still blessing, and still blest,
All love thy strain, but children like it best.
'Tis thine, with gentle Little's moral song,
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
Ere Miss, as yet, completes her infant years: 340

* Hayley's two most notorious verse productions are 'Triumphs of Temper,' and 'Triumphs of Music.' He has also written much comedy in rhyme, epistles, &c. &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's advice to Wycherley, to Mr. H.'s consideration; viz. 'to convert his poetry into prose,' which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

† Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of 'Sabbath Walks,' and 'Biblical Pictures.'

‡ See Bowles's Sonnets, &c.—'Sonnet to Oxford,' and 'Stanzas preferring the Bells of Ostend.'

By more or less, are sung in every
From Captain Noah down to Capt
Nor this alone, but pausing on the
The bard sighs forth a gentle episo
And gravely tells—attend each bes
When first Madeira trembled to a l
Bowles! in thy memory let this pr
Stick to thy sonnets, man! at least
But if some new-born whim, or larg
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim
If 'chance some bard, though once l
Now, prone in dust, can only be re
If Pope, whose fame and genius fro
Have foiled the best of critics, needs
Do thou essay; each fault, each fail
The first of poets was, alas! but man
Rake from each ancient dunghill ev
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in
Let all the scandals of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er th
Affect a candour which thou can'st n
Clothe envy in the garb of honest sea

* 'Awake a louder,' &c. &c. is the first lin
of Discovery:' a very spirited and pretty

ı, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
lo from hate, what Mallet* did for hire.
had'st thou lived in that congenial time,
ve with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme,†
ıged with the rest around his living head,
aised thy hoof against the lion dead,
et reward had crowned thy glorious gains,
inked thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.‡
other epic! who inflicts again
books of blank upon the sons of men? 380
ian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
rts old stories from the Cambrian coast,
sends his goods to market—all alive!
ı forty thousand, cantos twenty-five!
ı fish from Helicon! who'll buy? who'll buy?
ırecious bargain's cheap—In faith, not I.
nuch in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
nuch o'er bowls of rack prolong the night;
nmerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,
Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain. 390
m an author's luckless lot behold!
.emned to make the books which once he sold.
Amos Cottle—Phœbus! what a name
l the speaking trump of future fame!—
Amos Cottle! for a moment think
t meagre profits spring from pen and ink!
n thus devoted to poetic dreams,
will peruse thy prostituted reams?
en perverted! paper misapplied!
Cottle§ still adorned the counter's side, 400

ord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his se, because the poet had retained some copies of a work rd Bolingbroke ('The Patriot King,') which that splendid, alignant genius, had ordered to be destroyed.
ennis, the critic, and Ralph, the rhymester:

Silence ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
laking night hideous, answer him ye owls.'—*Dunciad.*

ıe Bowles's late edition of Pope's Works, for which he re-ı 300*l.* thus Mr. B. has experienced, how much easier it is ıdit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.
ır. Cottle, Amos, or Joseph, I don't know which, but one :h, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers ıks that do not sell, have published a pair of epics, 'Alfred,' Alfred! Pye has been at him too!) 'Alfred' and the 'Fall *nbria.*'

Smooth, solid monum
The petrifactions of
That, ere they reach
again.
With broken lyre,
Lo! sad Alcæus wan
Though fair they rose
His hopes have peris
Nipped in the bud b
His blossoms wither
O'er his lost works l
May no rude hand d
Yet, say! why sh
His claim to favour
For ever startled by
Of northern wolves,
A coward brood, wh
By hellish instinct;
Aged or young, the
No mercy find—the
Why do the injured
The calm possession
Why tamely thus b
Nor hunt the bloodh
Health to immort

With voice as willing to decree the rack;
Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law
As yet hath taught him, is to find a flaw;
Since, well instructed in the patriot school
To rail at party, though a party tool,
Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway they forfeited before,
His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,
And raise this Daniel to the judgment seat?
Let Jeffries' shade indulge the pious hope;
And greeting thus, present him with a rope;
'Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
Skilled to condemn as to traduce mankind;
This cord receive! for thee reserved with care,

Strew'd were the street
reams,
Flowed all the Canonga
This of his candour seer
That of his valour shew
And all, with justice, d
The mingled emblems c
But Caledonia's goddes
The field, and saved hir
From either pistol snat
And straight restored i
That head, with greate
Caught it, as Danae ca
And, though the thick
Augments its ore, and
'My son,' she cried, '
Resign the pistol, and
O'er politics and poes
Boast of thy country,
For long as Albion's h
Or Scottish taste deci
So long shall last thir
Nor any dare to take
Behold a chosen banc

rt shall wield Thor's hammer,* and sometimes
titude thou't praise his rugged rhymes.
Sydney,† too, thy bitter page shall seek,
lassic Hallam,‡ much renowned for Greek.
may perchance his name and influence lend,
altry Pillans§ shall traduce his friend.
gay Thalia's luckless votary Lambe,‖ 510
himself was damned, shall try to damn.
n be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!
[olland's banquets shall each toil repay;
grateful Britain yields the praise she owes
lland's hirelings, and to learning's foes.
ark one caution, ere thy next review
l its light wings of saffron and of blue,
e lest blundering Brougham¶ destroy the sale,
beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail.'

. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. the principal pieces is a 'Song on the Recovery of Thor's r;' the translation is a pleasant chant in the vulgar and endeth thus:—

'Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot,
Thus Odin's son his hammer got.'

Rev. Sydney Smith the reputed author of Peter Plymley's , and sundry criticisms.

. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's 'Taste,' and was ex- ly severe on some Greek verses therein: it was not dis- l that the lines were Pindar's, till the press rendered it im- to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting ent of Hallam's ingenuity.

said Hallam is incensed, because he is falsely accused, that he never dineth at Holland House.—If this be true, I y—not for having said so, but on his account, as I un- d his lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions. did not review Lord Holland's performance, I am glad, it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall lace in the text, provided, nevertheless, the said name be orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse; n, Hallam must stand for want of a better.

ans is a tutor at Eton.

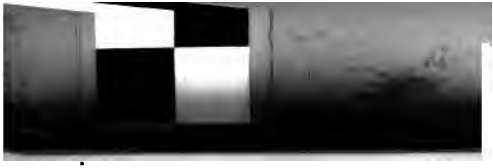
Honourable G. Lambe reviewed 'Beresford's Miseries,' moreover author of a farce enacted with much applause at ory, Stanmore; and damned with great expedition at the eatre, Covent-garden. It was intitled 'Whistle for it.'

. Brougham, in No. XXV. of the Edinburgh Review, nout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has die- more politics than policy: many of the worthy burgesses nburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it , as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.

ome that Mr. Brougham is not a Pict, as I supposed, but. arer, and his name is pronounced Broom, from Trent to So be it.

Long, long beneath t
Shall Grub-street din
See honest Hallam l
Resume his pen, rev
And, grateful to the
Declare his landlord
Dunedin! view thy
They write for food,
And lest, when heat
Some glowing thou
And tinge with red
My lady skims the
Breathes o'er the p
Reforms each error
Now to the Dram
What precious scen
Puns, and a prince
And Dibdin's nonse
Though now, thank
And full-grown act

* I ought to apologi
new goddess with short
was to be done! I coul
known there is no g
Caithness, yet, without
be saved! The nation



Yet what avails their vain attempts to please,
While British critics suffer scenes like these?
While Reynolds vents his 'dammes, poohs,' and 'sounds,'*
And common-place, and common sense confounds?
While Kenny's 'World,' just suffered to proceed,
Proclaims the audience very kind indeed?
And Beaumont's pilfered Caratach affords
A tragedy complete in all but words?†
Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
The degradation of our vaunted stage?
Heavens! is all sense of shame and talent gone?
Have we no living bard of merit?—none?
Awake, George Colman! Cumberland, awake!
Ring th' alarum bell, let Folly quake!
Oh, Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,
Let Comedy resume her throne again,
Abjure the mummery of German schools,
Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;
Give, as thy last memorial to the age,
One classic drama, and reform the stage.
Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head
Where Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread;
On those shall Farce display buffoon'ry's mask,
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?
Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose?
While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger, forgot,
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim
The rival candidates for Attic fame!
In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize.
And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats, and skeletons of plays

* All these are favourite expressions of Mr. R. and prominent in his comedies, living and defunct.

† Mr. T. Sheridan, the new manager of Drury-lane Theatre, stripped the tragedy of Bonduca of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Caractacus.—Was this worthy of his *sire, or of himself?*

Rather than sleep, why J
Such are we now—ah!
turn
To what our fathers were,
Degen'rate Britons! are y
Or, kind to dulness, do yo
Well may the nobles of ou
Watch each distortion of a
Well may they smile on It
And worship Catalani's pa
Since their own drama yie
Of wit than puns, of humo
Then let Ausonia, skill'd
To soften manners, but cor
Pour her exotic follies o'er
To sanction vice, and hunt
Let wedded strumpets lang
And bless the promise whic
While Gayton bounds befo
Of hoary marquises and st
Let high-born lechers eye t
Twirl her light limbs, that
Let Angiolini bare her brea
Wave the white arm, and

Raise not your scythe, suppressors of our vice!
Reforming saints! too delicately nice!
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave;
And beer undrawn, and beards unmown, display
Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.
Or hail at once the patron and the pile 620
Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle!*
Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallowed fane,
Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,
Behold the new Petronius† of the day,
The arbiter of pleasure and of play!
There the hired eunuch, th' Hesperian choir,
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine, 630
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords combine;
Each to his humour—Comus all allows;
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.
Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade!
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made:
In plenty's sunshine fortune's minions bask,
Nor think of poverty, except 'en masque,'
When for the night some lately titled ass
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.
The curtain dropp'd, the gay burletta o'er, 640
The audience take their turn upon the floor;

* To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state, that it is the institution, and not the duke of that name, which is here alluded to. A gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thousand pounds at backgammon. It is but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of disapprobation was manifested; but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes! A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blessed or cursed with such connexions, to hear the billiard-tables rattle in one room, and the dice in another! That this is the case I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and fiddle, without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour.

† Petronius '*Arbiter elegantiarum*' to Nero, 'and a very pretty *fellow in his day*,' as Mr. Congreve's 'Old Bachelor' saith.

leave muc

Oh! blest re
Where, all forg
Each maid may
Each swain ma
There the blithe
Cuts the light pa
The jovial caster
Or—done!—a th
If, mad with loss
And all your hop
Here's Powell's P
And, kinder still,
Fit consummation
Begun in folly, en
While none but m
Wash thy red wour
Traduced by liars,
The mangled victim
To live like Clodius.

Truth! rouse some
To drive this pestile
Even I—least thinki
Just skilled to know
Freed at that age wh

Whom every path of pleasure's flowery way
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—
E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
Such scenes, such men, destroy the public weal;
Although some kind, censorious friend will say,
'What art thou better, meddling fool, than they?'
And every brother rake will smile to see 661
That miracle, a moralist in me.
No matter—when some bard, in virtue strong,
Gifford, perchance, shall raise the chastening song,
Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice
Be only heard to hail him, and rejoice:
Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I
May feel the lash that virtue must apply.
As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals
From silly Hafiz* up to simple Bowles, 690
Why should we call them from their dark abode,
In broad St. Giles's, or in Tottenham Road?
Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the Square?
If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,
What harm? in spite of every critic elf,
Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;
Miles Andrews still his strength in couplets try,
And live in prologues though his dramas die. 700
Lords too are bards, such things at times befal,
And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all.
Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?
Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
No future laurels deck a noble head;
No Muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle:
Nor punny schoolboy and his early lay
Can pardon, if his follies pass away; 710

* What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, if, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz, where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the oriental Homer and Cato, and behold his name assumed by one Scott of Dromore, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the prints?

Yet at their judgment let h
And case his volumes in c
Yes! doff that covering wh
'And hang a calf-skin† on

With you, ye Druids! ri
Who daily scribble for you
With you I war not: Giffo
Has crushed, without remo
On 'all the talents' vent y
Want your defence, let pit
Let monodies on Fox regal
And Melville's Mantle‡ pro
One common Lethe waits e
And peace be with you! 'ti
Such damning fame as Dun
Could bid your lines beyond
But now at once your fleeti
With names of greater note
Far be't from me unkindly t
The lovely Rosa's prose in m
Whose strains, the faithful e
Leave wondering comprehen

* The Earl of Carlisle has lately
pamphlet on the state of the stage,
ing a new theatre: it is to be ho
mitted to bring forward

ıough Bell has lost his nightingales and owls,
atilda snivels still, and Hafiz howls,
ıd Crusca's spirit, rising from the dead,
:vives in Laura, Quiz, and X. Y. Z.*
When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,
nploys a pen less pointed than his awl,
:aves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the Muse,
eavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds
applaud!
ɔw ladies read, and literati laud! 750
chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
is sheer ill-nature; don't the world know best!
:nius must guide, when wits admire the rhyme,
ıd Capell Lofft† declares 'tis quite sublime.
ear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
vains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade!
ı! Burns and Bloomfield, nay, a greater far,
fford was born beneath an adverse star,
rsook the labours of a servile state, 759
emm'd the rude storm, and triumphed over fate:
ıen why no more? if Phœbus smiled on you,
oomfield! why not on brother Nathan‡ too?
im too the mania, not the Muse has seized;
ɔt inspiration but a mind diseased:
ıd now no boor can seek his last abode,
ɔ common be inclosed without an ode.
ı! since increased refinement deigns to smile
ı Britain's sons, and bless our genial isle,
:t poësy go forth, pervade the whole,
ike the rustic and mechanic soul: 770
: tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
mpose at once a slipper and a song;
shall the fair your handy-work peruse,
ɔur sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.

* These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in poetical departments of the newspapers.

† Capell Lofft, esq. the Mæcenas of shoemakers, and preface-iter-general to distressed versemen; a kind of gratis ac-ıcheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not ɔw how to bring it forth.

‡ See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or whatever he or one else chooses to call it, on the inclosure of 'Honington eu.'

—spare if th
And thou, melodious R
Recal the pleasing men
Arise! let blest rememl
And strike to wonted to
Restore Apollo to his va
Assert thy country's hon
What! must deserted Po
Where her last hopes wi
Unless, perchance, from
To deck the turf that wra
No! though contempt ha
brood,
The race who rhyme from
Yet still some genuine son
Who least affecting, still e
Feel as they write—and w
Bear witness Gifford, Soth
'Why slumbers Gifford?' o
Why slumbers Gifford? let
Are there no follies for his p
Are there no fools whose ba

* Vide 'Recollections of a Wea
fordshire.'

† It would be superfluous to rec
the authors of 'The Plea
of Hope.'

Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic vice in every street?
Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
And 'scape alike the law's and Muse's wrath?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claimed,
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.
Unhappy White!* while life was in its spring, 810
And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science 'self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low;
So the struck eagle stretch'd upon the plain, 821
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life drop of his bleeding breast.
There be, who say, in these enlightened days,
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise; 830
That strained invention, ever on the wing,
Some impels the modern bard to sing:
'tis true, that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,
Think from that fatal word to genius—Trite;
Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
Adorn the verse herself inspires:
Fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest,
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

* Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that might have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not subdue, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. Gems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he intended to assume.

While honours, doubl
The poet's rival, but t
Blest is the man wh
Where dwelt the Mus
Whose steps have pres
The clime that nursed
The scenes which glor
Her place of birth, he
But doubly blest is he,
With hallow'd feeling
Who rends the veil of
And views their remna
Wright!† 'twas thy ha
Those shores of glory,
And sure no common
To hail the land of gods
And you, associate ba
Those gems too long wi
Whose mingling taste c
Where Attic flowers Ao
And all their renovated
To grace the beauties of
Now let those minds, th
The glorious spirit of the

'hose gilded cymbals, more adorned than clear,
ıe eye delighted, but fatigued the ear;
ı show the simple lyre could once surpass,
ut now, worn down, appear in native brass;
'hile all his train of hovering sylphs around,
vaporate in similes and sound: 880
im let them shun, with him let tinsel die:
ılse glare attracts, but more offends the eye.*
Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
ıe meanest object of the lowly group,
'hose verse of all but childish prattle void,
ɔems blessed harmony to Lambe and Lloyd:†
ɜt them—but hold, my Muse, nor dare to teach
strain, far, far beyond thy humble reach:
ıe native genius with their feeling given, 889
'ill point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.
nd thou, too, Scott!‡ resign to minstrels rude
ıe wilder Slogan of a border feud:
ıt others spin their meagre lines for hire;
ough for genius if itself inspire!
: Southey sing, although his teeming Muse,
ılific every spring, be too profuse;
simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,
brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse;
ɔpectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,
ıuse the galleries, or to raise a ghost; 900
foore be lewd; let Strangford steal from Moore,
wear that Camoens sang such notes of yore;
ayley hobble on: Montgomery rave;
ɔdly Grahame chant a stupid stave;
ınetteering Bowles his strains refine,
ıine and whimper to the fourteenth line;
tt, Carlisle,§ Matilda, and the rest
-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,

ıeglect of the 'Botanic Garden,' is some proof of re-
ste: the scenery is its sole recommendation.
. Lambe and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of
d Co.
bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem, his hero
will be less addicted to 'Gramarye,' and more to
ıan the Lady of the Lay, and her Bravo William of

asked why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my
relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of poetry
'ears ago!—The guardianship was nominal, at least.

Demand a hallowed ha
Say! will not Caledoni
The glorious record of
Than the vile foray of
Whose proudest deeds
Or Marmion's acts of d
For outlawed Sherwood
Scotland! still proudly
And be thy praise his fi
Yet not with thee alone
But own the vast renow
Be known, perchance,
And tell the tale of wha
To future times her fad
And save her glory, thou
Yet what avails the sa
To conquer ages, and wit

as far as I have been able to
help, and am very sorry for
forget it on a very essential o
my memory with the recollect
differences sanction the unjust
bler; but I see no reason wh
when the author, noble or igno
guiled a 'discerning public' ra
divers reams of most orthodo
do not step aside to vituperat

as spread their wings, new nations rise,
.er victors* fill the applauding skies;
rief generations fleet along,
sons forget the poet and his song:
w what once-loved minstrels scarce may claim,
ısient mention of a dubious name!
Fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest
blast,
long the sound, the echo sleeps at last,
ry, like the Phœnix 'midst her fires,
ı her odours, blazes, and expires. 940
hoary Granta call her sable sons,
in science, more expert at puns?
ıese approach the Muse? ah no! she flies,
ın spurns the great Seatonian prize,
printers condescend the press to soil
ıyme by Hoare, and epic blank by Hoyle:
ı whose page, if still upheld by whist,
s no sacred theme to bid us list.†
.o in Granta's honours would surpass,
ount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass; 950
well worthy of her ancient dam,
Helicon is duller than her Cam.
Clarke, still striving piteously 'to please,'
ing dogg'rel leads not to degrees,
l-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
hly scribbler of some low lampoon,
ıned to drudge the meanest of the mean,
bish falsehoods for a magazine,
ı to scandal his congenial mind,
f a living libel on mankind.'‡ 960

Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.'—
Virgil.

Games of Hoyle,' well known to the votaries of whist,
. are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical
e, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the ad-
ent, all the 'plagues of Egypt.'
person, who has lately betrayed the most rabid symp-
confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated
of Pleasing,' as 'lucus a non lucendo,' containing little
y, and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary
ctor of calumnies for the 'Satirist.' If this unfortunate
an would exchange the magazines for the mathematics,
avour to take a decent degree in his university, it might
y prove more serviceable than his present salary.

On her green
To crown the l
Where Richar
And modern B
For me, who
My country, w
Zeal for her ho
The host of ide
No just applau
As first in freed
Oh! would thy
And rise more
What Athens w
What Tyre appe
'Tis thine at onc
Earth's chief dic
But Rome decay
And Tyre's prou
Like these thy st
And Britain fall,
But let me cease,
With warning ev
To themes less lo
And urge thy bard
Then, hapless B

While Canning's colleagues hate him for his wit,
And old dame Portland* fills the place of Pitt.
  Yet once again adieu! ere this the sail
That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale;
And Afric's coast and Calpe's† adverse height, 999
And Stamboul's‡ minarets must greet my sight:
Thence shall I stray through beauty's§ native clime,
Where Kaff‖ is clad in rocks, and crowned with snows sublime.
But should I back return, no lettered rage
Shall drag my common-place book on the stage:
Let vain Valentia¶ rival luckless Carr,
And equal him whose work he sought to mar:
Let Aberdeen and Elgin** still pursue
The shade of fame through regions of Vertû;
Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
Mis-shapen monuments, and maimed antiques; 1010
And make their grand saloons a general mart
For all the mutilated blocks of art:
Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,
I leave topography to classic Gell;††
And, quite content, no more shall interpose,
To stun mankind with poësy, or prose.
  Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,
Prepared for rancour, steeled 'gainst selfish fear;
This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdained to own—
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown; 1020

* A friend of mine being asked why his Grace of P. was likened to an old woman! replied, 'he supposed it was because he was past bearing.'

† Calpe is the ancient name of Gibraltar.

‡ Stamboul is the Turkish word for Constantinople.

§ Georgia, remarkable for the beauty of its inhabitants.

‖ Mount Caucasus.

¶ Lord Valentia (whose tremendous travels are forthcoming with due decorations, graphical, topographical, and typographical) deposed, on Sir John Carr's unlucky suit, that Dubois's satire prevented his purchase of the 'Stranger in Ireland.'—Oh fie, my lord! has your lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist! but 'two of a trade,' they say, &c.

** Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stone-shop, are the work of Phidias; 'Credat Judæus!'

†† Mr. Gell's Topography of Troy and Ithaca cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. G. conveys to the mind of the reader, *as for the ability* and research the respective works display.

By [illegible]'s resentment, or
By Jeffrey's harmless pistol
Edina's brawny sons and br
Our men in buckram shall b
And feel they too are 'pene
And though I hope not hence
Who conquers me shall find
The time hath been, when n
From lips that now may seer
Nor fools nor follies tempt m
The meanest thing that craw
But now so callous grown, s
I've learned to think, and ste
Learned to deride the critic's
And break him on the wheel
To spurn the rod a scribbler b
Nor care if courts and crowds
Nay more, though all my riva
I too can hunt a poetaster dov
And, armed in proof, the gaur
To Scotch marauder, and to so
Thus much I've dared to do; I
Hath wrong'd these righteous
This, let the world, which kno
Yet [illegible]

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unresisting* Muse, whom they have already so be-deviled with their ungodly ribaldry:

'Tantæne animis cœlestibus Iræ!'

I suppose I must say of Jeffrey as Sir Anthony Aguecheek saith, 'An I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him.' What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed! But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary Anthropophagus, Jeffrey; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by 'lying and slandering,' and slake their thirst by 'evil speaking?' I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey's mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury;—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there 'persons of honour and wit about town;' but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal: those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas; 'the age of chivalry is over,' or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke, (Subaudi, *esquire,*) a sizar of Emmanuel College, and, I believe,

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And rosy dreams a

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